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THE  
SELECT SPECTATOR.

VOL. I.

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*Spitator*  
K SELECT SPECTATOR

A S F I E C T O R

MORAL & RELIGIOUS

P A T H E T I C

ESPIRIT SE DE TACTOR

donalds, arranged according to the subject

VOL 2

W T H O R

VOL 1



STORR

AND



THE  
SELECT SPECTATOR:

OR  
A SELECTION  
OF  
MORAL AND RELIGIOUS  
PAPERS  
FROM THE  
SPECTATOR,

alphabetically arranged according to their subjects,  
with a copious TABLE of CONTENTS prefixed.

*Singula quaque locum teneant sortita decenter.*

Hor.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. I.

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STOURBRIDGE:  
PRINTED BY J. WEST.  
MDCCLXXXIX.

SELECTED PAPERS OF

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## P R E F A C E.

**T**HE accommodation of the youth committed to his care was the primary object of the Editor in the following SELECTION of MORAL and RELIGIOUS PAPERS from the SPECTATOR. The subjects of these never varying, but being for ever fixed and immutable, equally the concern of all stations, and adapted to all conditions, their use is more general and important than that of those which were intended either to correct follies, many of which no longer exist, or to instruct the reader in the arts of criticism, or metaphysical speculation. As such he conceived that they might tend to propagate and confirm just and worthy sentiments in the minds of those, for whose benefit they were principally designed: and  
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in the expectation that, thus detached, these PAPERS may be read by those, into whose hands perhaps they might not otherwise have fallen, they are offered to the public. Upon young persons in general no writings are better calculated to make good impressions; and to the virtue and happiness of others, to whom the SPECTATOR, in it's usual form, is less accessible, the hope at least is not visionary that the perusal of these Volumes may contribute. The ARRANGMENT which is here made will enable both to pursue the Author's reasoning without interruption, and to connect arguments which were necessarily divided in the original work.

Nor has the LITERARY improvement of the reader been disregarded in this publication. As a work of genius,

the



the SPECTATOR has deservedly excited universal admiration, and as such therefore, as well as for the sake of the wisdom it inculcates, the Editor wished to reduce it to a convenient form for Schools, in which it may be used by both sexes, as a model of taste and elegance in writing. For tho' where the Greek and Roman Classics are taught, their beauties are insensibly transfused into the native language of the student, yet particularly on account of certain idiomatical differences of expression, he presumes to recommend the constant and familiar use of so successful an imitation of the style and manner of the Antients. Dr. *Johnson's* testimony is more decisive. "Whoever" says he "wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his  
days

days and nights to the Volumes of *Addison*."

With regard to the TABLE of CONTENTS prefixed to these Volumes, it appeared to the Editor that such an analysis might be useful in directing the attention of young persons to such points as the Author of the SPECTATOR intended to impress upon the minds of his readers.



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# Select Spectator.



N<sup>o</sup>. 213. Saturday, November 3.

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-----*Mens sibi conscia recti.* Virg. *Æn.* ver. 608

## *A Good Intention.*

**I**T is the great art and secret of Christianity, if I may use that phrase, to manage our *Actions* to the best advantage, and direct them in such a manner, that every thing we do may turn to account at that great day, when every thing we have done will be set before us.

In order to give this consideration its full weight, we may cast all our *Actions* under the division of such as are in themselves either *good*, *evil*, or *indifferent*. If we divide our *Intentions* after the same manner, and consider them with regard to our *Actions*, we may discover that great art and secret of religion which I have here mentioned.

A *good Intention* joined to a *good Action*, gives it its proper force and efficacy; joined to an *evil Action*, extenuates its malignity, and in some cases may take

## 2 SELECT SPECTATOR.

it wholly away ; and joined to an *indifferent Action*, turns it into a virtue, and makes it meritorious as far as human *Actions* can be so.

In the next place, to consider in the same manner the influence of an *evil Intention* upon our *Actions*. An *evil Intention* perverts the best of *Actions*, and makes them in reality, what the fathers, with a witty kind of zeal, have termed the virtues of the heathen world, so many *shining sins*. It destroys the innocence of an *indifferent Action*, and gives an *evil Action* all possible blackness and horror, or in the emphatical language of Sacred Writ, makes *sin exceeding sinful*.

If, in the last place, we consider the nature of an *indifferent Intention*, we shall find that it destroys the merit of a *good Action*, abates, but never takes away, the malignity of an *evil Action* ; and leaves an *indifferent Action* in its natural state of indifference.

It is therefore of unspeakable advantage to possess our minds with an habitual *good Intention*, and to aim all our thoughts, words, and *Actions* at some laudable end, whether it be the glory of our Maker, the good of mankind, or the benefit of our own souls.

This is a sort of thrift or good-husbandry in moral life, which does not throw away any single *Action*, but makes every one go as far as it can. It multiplies the means of salvation, increases the number of our virtues, and diminishes that of our vices.

There is something very devout, though not solid, in *Acosta's* answer to *Limborch*, who objects to him the multiplicity of ceremonies in the *Jewish* religion, as washings,



washings, dresſes, meats, purgations, and the like. The reply which the *Jew* makes upon this occaſion, is; to the beſt of my remembrance, as follows: 'There  
' are not duties enough (ſays he) in the eſſential parts  
' of the law for a zealous and active obedience.  
' Time, place, and perſon are requiſite, before you  
' have an opportunity of putting a moral virtue into  
' practice. We have therefore, ſays he, enlarged the  
' ſphere of our duty, and made many things, which  
' are in themſelves indifferent, a part of our religion  
' that we may have more occaſions of ſhewing our  
' love to God, and in all the circumſtances of life be  
' doing ſomething to pleaſe Him.

Monſieur *St. Evremond* has endeavoured to palliate the ſuperſtitious of the Roman catholic religion with the ſame kind of apology, where he pretends to conſider the different ſpirit of the Papiſts and the Calviniſts, as to the great points wherein they diſagree. He tells us, that the former are actuated by love, and the other by fear; and that in their expreſſions of duty and devotion towards the Supreme Being, the former ſeem particularly careful to do every thing which may poſſibly pleaſe Him, and the other to abſtain from every thing which may poſſibly diſpleaſe Him.

But notwithſtanding this plauſible reaſon with which both the *Jew* and the Roman catholic would excuſe their reſpective ſuperſtitious, it is certain there is ſomething in them very pernicious to mankind, and deſtructive to religion; becauſe the injunction of ſuper-

#### 4 SELECT SPECTATOR.

fluuous ceremonies makes such *Actions* duties, as were before *indifferent*, and by that means renders religion more burdensome and difficult than it is in its own nature, betraying many into sins of omission which they could not otherwise be guilty of, and fixes the minds of the vulgar on the shadowy unessential points, instead of the more weighty and more important matters of the law.

This zealous and active obedience however takes place in the great point we are recommending; for if, instead of prescribing to ourselves *indifferent Actions* as duties, we apply a *good Intention* to all our most *indifferent Actions*, we make our very existence one continued act of obedience, we turn our diversions and amusements to our eternal advantage, and are pleasing Him (whom we were made to please) in all the circumstances and occurrences of life.

It is this excellent frame of mind, this *holy officiousness* (if I may be allowed to call it such) which is recommended to us by the Apostle in that uncommon precept, wherein he directs us to propose to ourselves the glory of our Creator in all our most *indifferent Actions, whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do.*

A person therefore who is possessed with such an habitual *good Intention* as that which I have been here speaking of, enters upon no single circumstance of life, without considering it as well-pleasing to the great Author of his being, conformable to the dictates of reason, suitable to human nature in general, or to that particular station in which Providence has placed him.

He

## S E L E C T S P E C T A T O R. 3

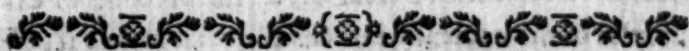
He lives in a perpetual sense of the Divine presence, regards himself as acting, in the whole course of his existence, under the observation and inspection of that Being who is privy to all his motions and all his thoughts, who knows his *down-sitting and his up-rising, who is about his path, and about his bed, and spieth out all his ways*. In a word, he remembers that the eye of his Judge is always upon him, and in every action he reflects that he is doing what is commanded or allowed by Him who will hereafter either reward or punish it. This was the character of those holy men of old, who in that beautiful phrase of scripture are said to have *walked with God*.

When I employ myself upon a paper of morality, I generally consider how I may recommend the particular virtue which I treat of, by the precepts or examples of the ancient heathens ; by that means if possible, to shame those who have greater advantages of knowing their duty, and therefore greater obligations to perform it, into a better course of life : besides that many among us are unreasonably disposed to give a fairer hearing to a pagan philosopher, than to a Christian writer.

I shall therefore produce an instance of this excellent frame of mind in a speech of *Socrates*, which is quoted by *Erasmus*. This great philosopher, on the day of his execution, a little before the draught of poison was brought to him, entertaining his friends on the immortality of the soul, has these words : *Whether or no God will approve of my actions, I know not ;*

## 6 SELECT SPECTATOR.

not ; but this I am sure of, that I have at all times made it my endeavour to please Him, and I have a good hope that this my endeavour will be accepted by Him. We find in these words of that great man the habitual good Intention, which I would here inculcate, and with which the divine philosopher always acted. I shall only add that *Erasmus*, who was an unbigotted Roman-catholick, was so much transported with this passage of *Socrates*, that he could hardly forbear looking upon him as a saint, and desiring him to pray for him ; or as that ingenious and learned writer has expressed himself in a more lively manner : *When I reflect on such a speech pronounced by such a person, I scarce can forbear crying out, Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis : O holy Socrates, pray for us.* L



N<sup>o</sup>. 512. Friday, October 17.



*Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.*

Hor. Ars Poet. v. 344.

*Mixing together profit and delight.*

**T**HERE is nothing which we receive with so much reluctance as *Advice*. We look upon the man who gives it us as offering an affront to our understanding, and treating us as children or idiots. We consider the instruction as an implicit censure, and  
the



the zeal which any one shews for our good on such an occasion as a piece of presumption or impertinence. The truth of it is, the person who pretends to *advise*, does, in that particular, exercise a superiority over us, and can have no other reason for it, but that in comparing us with himself, he thinks us defective either in our conduct or our understanding. For these reasons, there is nothing so difficult as the art of making *Advice* agreeable, and indeed all the writers, both ancient and modern, have distinguished themselves among one another, according to the perfection at which they arrived in this art. How many devices have been made use of, to render this bitter potion palatable? Some convey their instructions to us in the best chosen words, others in the most harmonious numbers, some in points of wit, and others in short proverbs.

But among all the different ways of giving *counsel*, I think the finest, and that which pleases the most universally, is *fable*, in whatsoever shape it appears. If we consider this way of instructing or giving *Advice*, it excels all others, because it is the least shocking, and the least subject to those exceptions which I have before mentioned.

This will appear to us, if we reflect, in the first place that upon the reading of a fable we are made to believe we *advise* ourselves. We peruse the author for the sake of the story, and consider the precepts rather as our own conclusions than his instructions. The moral insinuates itself imperceptibly, we are taught by surprise

## 8 SELECT SPECTATOR.

pride, and become wiser and better unawares. In short, by this method a man is so far over-reached as to think he is directing himself, while he is following the dictates of another, and consequently is not sensible of that which is the most displeasing circumstance in *Advice*.

In the next place, if we look into human nature, we shall find that the mind is never so much pleased, as when she exerts herself in any action that gives her an idea of her own perfections and abilities. This natural pride and ambition of the soul is very much gratified in the reading of a fable: for in writings of this kind, the reader comes in for half of the performance; every thing appears to him like a discovery of his own; he is busied all the while in applying characters and circumstances, and is in this respect both a reader and composer. It is no wonder therefore that on such occasions, when the mind is thus pleased with itself, and amused with its own discoveries, it is highly delighted with the writing which is the occasion of it. For this reason the *Ab-salom* and *Achitophel* was one of the most popular poems that ever appeared in *England*. The poetry is indeed very fine, but had it been much finer, it would not have so much pleased, without a plan which gave the reader an opportunity of exerting his own talents.

This oblique manner of giving *Advice* is so inoffensive, that if we look into ancient histories, we find the wise men of old very often chose to give counsel

to their kings in fables. To omit many which will occur to every one's memory, there is a pretty instance of this nature in a *Turkish* tale, which I do not like the worse for that little oriental extravagance which is mixed with it.

We are told that the Sultan *Mahmoud*, by his perpetual wars abroad, and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and desolation, and half unpeopled the *Persian* empire. The Visier to this great Sultan (whether an humourist or an enthusiast, we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain Dervise to understand the language of birds, so that there was not a bird that could open his mouth but the Visier knew what it was he said. As he was one evening with the Emperor, in their return from hunting, they saw a couple of owls upon a tree, that grew near an old wall out of an heap of rubbish. *I would fain know, says the Sultan, what those two owls are saying to one another; listen to their discourse, and give me an account of it.* The Visier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the Sultan, Sir, says he, *I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is.* The Sultan would not be satisfied with such an answer, but forced him to repeat word for word every thing the owls had said. *You must know then, said the Visier, that one of these owls has a son, and the other a daughter; between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of the son said to the father of the daughter, in my hearing, Brother,*  
*I consent*

# 10 SELECT SPECTATOR.

*I consent to this marriage, provided you will settle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion. To which the father of the daughter replied, instead of fifty I will give her five hundred, if you please. God grant a long life to Sultan Mahmoud; whilst he reigns over us, we shall never want ruined villages.*

The story says, the Sultan was so touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been destroyed, and from that time forward consulted the good of his people.

○



N<sup>o</sup>. 38. Friday, April 13.



-----*Cupias non placuisse nimis.*

Mart.

*One wou'd not please too much.*

**A**Late conversation which I fell into, gave me an opportunity of observing a great deal of beauty in a very handsome woman, and as much wit in an ingenious man, turned into deformity in the one, and absurdity in the other, by the mere force of *Affectation*. The fair one had something in her person upon which her thoughts were fixed, that she attempted to shew to advantage in every look, word, and gesture. The gentleman was as diligent to do justice to his fine parts, as the lady to her beau-

teous



teous form : you might see his imagination on the stretch to find out something uncommon, and what they call bright, to entertain her ; while she writhed herself into as many different postures to engage him. When she laughed, her lips were to sever a greater distance than ordinary to shew her teeth ; her fan was to point to somewhat at a distance, that in the reach she might discover the roundness of her arm ; then she is utterly mistaken in what she saw, falls back, smiles at her own folly, and is so wholly discomposed, that her tucker is to be adjusted, her bosom exposed, and the whole woman put into new airs and graces. While she was doing all this, the gallant had time to think of something very pleasant to say next to her, or make some unkind observation on some other lady to feed her vanity. These unhappy effects of *Affectation*, naturally led me to look into that strange state of mind which so generally discolours the behaviour of most people we meet with.

The learned Dr. *Burnet*, in his *Theory of the Earth*, takes the occasion to observe, that every thought is attended with consciousness and representativeness ; the mind has nothing presented to it but what is immediately followed by a reflection or conscience, which tells you whether that which was so presented is graceful or unbecoming. This act of the mind discovers itself in the gesture, by a proper behaviour in those whose consciousness goes no further than to direct them in the just progress of their present thought or action ; but betrays an interruption in every

very second thought, when the consciousness is employed in too fondly approving a man's own conceptions ; which sort of consciousness is what we call *Affectation*.

As the love of praise is implanted in our bosoms as a strong incentive to worthy actions, it is a very difficult task to get above a desire of it for things that should be wholly indifferent. Women, whose hearts are fixed upon the pleasure they have in the consciousness that they are the objects of love and admiration, are ever changing the air of their countenances, and altering the attitude of their bodies, to strike the hearts of their beholders with new sense of their beauty. The dressing part of our sex, whose minds are the same with the sillier part of the other, are exactly in the like uneasy condition, to be regarded for a well tied cravat, an hat cocked with unusual briskness, a very well chosen coat, or other instances of merit, which they are impatient to see unobserved.

But this apparent *Affectation*, arising from an ill-governed consciousness, is not so much to be wondered at in such loose and trivial minds as these : but when you see it reign in characters of worth and distinction, it is what you cannot but lament, not without some indignation. It creeps into the heart of the wise man as well as the coxcomb. When you see a man of sense look about for applause, and discover an itching inclination to be commended ; lay traps for a little incense, even from those whose opinion he values

lues in nothing but his own favour; who is safe against this weakness? or knows whether he is guilty of it or not? The best way to get clear of such a light fondness for applause, is to take all possible care to throw off the love of it upon all occasions that are not in themselves laudable, but as it appears, we hope for no praise from them. Of this nature are all graces in men's persons, dress and bodily deportment; which will naturally be winning and attractive if we think not of them, but lose their force in proportion to our endeavours to make them such.

When our consciousness turns upon the main design of life, and our thoughts are employed upon the chief purpose, either in business or pleasure, we shall never betray an *Affectation*, for we cannot be guilty of it: But when we give the passion for praise an unbridled liberty, our pleasure in little perfections robs us of what is due to us for great virtues, and worthy qualities. How many excellent speeches and honest actions are lost, for want of being indifferent where we ought? Men are oppressed with regard to their way of speaking and acting, instead of having their thoughts bent upon what they should do or say; and by that means bury a capacity for great things. This perhaps, cannot be called *Affectation*; but it has some tincture of it, at least so far, as that their fear of erring in a thing of consequence, argues they would be too much pleased in performing it.

It is only from a thorough disregard to himself in such particulars, that a man can act with a laudable  
sufficiency

sufficiency : his heart is fixed upon one point in view ; and he commits no errors, because he thinks nothing an error but what deviates from that intention.

The wild havoc *Affectation* makes in that part of the world which should be most polite, is visible wherever we turn our eyes : it pushes men not only into impertinencies in conversation, but also in their premeditated speeches. At the bar it torments the bench, whose business it is to cut off all superfluities in what is spoken before it by the practitioner ; as well as several little pieces of injustice which arise from the law itself. I have seen it make a man run from the purpose before a judge, who was, when at the bar himself, so close and logical a pleader, that with all the pomp of eloquence in his power, he never spoke a word too much.

It might be borne even here, but it often ascends the pulpit itself ; and the declaimer, in that sacred place is frequently so impertinently witty, speaks of the last day itself with so many quaint phrases, that there is no man who understands raillery, but must resolve to sin no more : Nay, you may behold him sometimes in prayer, for a proper delivery of the great truths he is to utter, humble himself with so very well-turned phrase, and mention his own unworthiness in a way so very becoming, that the air of the pretty gentleman is preserved, under the lowliness of the preacher.

I shall



S E L E C T S P E C T A T O R. 15

I shall end this with a short letter I writ the other day to a very witty man, over-run with the fault I am speaking of.

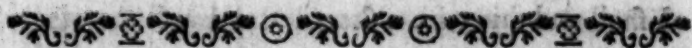
Dear S I R,

I Spent some time with you the other day, and must take the liberty of a friend to tell you of the unsufferable *Affectation* you are guilty of in all you say or do. When I gave you an hint of it, you asked me whether a man is to be cold to what his friends think of him? No; but praise is not to be the entertainment of every moment: he that hopes for it must be able to suspend the possession of it till proper periods of life, or death itself. If you would not rather be commended than be praise-worthy, condemn little merits; and allow no man to be so free with you, as to praise you to your face. Your vanity by this means will want its food. At the same time your passion for esteem will be more fully gratified; men will praise you in their actions: where you now receive one compliment, you will receive twenty civilities. Till then you will never have of either, further than,

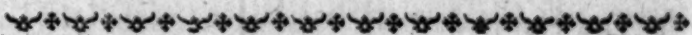
S I R,

*Your humble Servant.*

Saturday,



N<sup>o</sup>. 153. Saturday, August 25.



*Habet natura ut aliarum omnium rerum sic vivendi modum; senectus autem peractio ætatis est tanquam fabulæ. Cujus defatigationem fugere debemus præsertim adjunctâ satietate.* Tull. de Senect.

*Life, as well as all other things, has its bounds assign'd by nature; and its conclusion, like the last act of a play, is old Age; the fatigue of which we ought to shun, especially when our appetites are fully satisfied.*

**O**F all the impertinent wishes which we hear expressed in conversation, there is not one more unworthy a gentleman or a man of liberal education, than that of wishing one's self *younger*. I have observed this wish is usually made upon sight of some object which gives the idea of a past *Action*, that it is no dishonour to us that we cannot now repeat; or else on what was in itself shameful when we performed it. It is a certain sign of a foolish or a dissolute mind, if we want our *Youth* again only for the strength of bones and sinews which we once were masters of. It is (as my author has it) as absurd in an *old Man* to wish for the strength of a *Youth*, as it would be in a *young Man* to wish for the strength of a bull or a horse. These wishes are both equally out of nature, which should direct in all things, that are not contradictory to justice, law, and reason. But tho' every

every *old Man* has been *young*, and every *young* one hopes to be *old*, there seems to be a most unnatural misunderstanding between those two stages of life. This unhappy want of commerce arises from the insolent arrogance or exultation in *Youth*, and the irrational despondence or self-pity in *Age*. A *young Man*, whose passion and ambition is to be good and wise, and an *old one* who has no inclination to be lewd or debauched, are quite unconcerned in this speculation; but the cocking *young fellow* who treads upon the toes of his elders, and the *old fool* who envies the saucy pride he sees in him, are the objects of our present contempt and derision. Contempt and derision are harsh words; but in what manner can one give advice to a *Youth* in the pursuit and possession of sensual pleasures, or afford pity to an *old Man* in the impotence and desire of enjoying them? When *young Men* in publick places betray in their deportment an abandoned resignation to their appetites, they give to sober minds a prospect of a despicable *Age*, which, if not interrupted by death in the midst of their follies, must certainly come. When an *old Man* bewails the loss of such gratifications, which are passed, he discovers a monstrous inclination to that which it is not in the course of providence to recall. The state of an *old Man*, who is dissatisfied merely for his being such, is the most out of all measures of reason and good sense of any being we have any account of from the highest angel to the lowest worm. How miserable is the contemplation to consider a libidinous *old Man*, (while all created things

beside himself and devils, are following the order of providence) fretting at the course of things, and being almost the sole malecontent in the creation. But let us a little reflect upon what he has lost by the number of years: The passions which he had in *Youth* are not to be obeyed as they were then, but reason is more powerful now without the disturbance of them. An *old* gentleman t'other day in discourse with a friend of his (reflecting upon some adventures they had in *Youth* together) cried out, *O Jack, those were happy days! That is true*, replied his friend, *but methinks we go about our business more quietly than we did then*. One would think it should be no small satisfaction to have gone so far in our journey that the heat of the day is over with us. When life itself is a fever, as it is in licentious *Youth*, the pleasures of it are no other than the dreams of a man in that distemper, and it is as absurd to wish the return of that season of life, as for a man in health to be sorry for the loss of gilded palaces, fairy walks, and flowery pastures, with which he remembers he was entertained in the troubled slumbers of a fit of sickness.

As to all the rational and worthy pleasures of our being, the conscience of a good fame, the contemplation of a better life, the respect and commerce of honest men, our capacities for such enjoyments are enlarged by years. While health endures, the latter part of life, in the eye of reason, is certainly more eligible. The memory of a well spent *Youth* gives a peaceable, unmixed, and elegant pleasure to the mind; and to

such

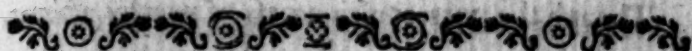


such who are so unfortunate as not to be able to look back on *Youth* with satisfaction, they may give themselves no little consolation that they are under no temptation to repeat their follies, and that they at present despise them. It was prettily said, 'He that would be long an *old Man*, must begin early to be one : ' It is too late to resign a thing after a man is robbed of it ; therefore it is necessary that before the arrival of *Age* we bid adieu to the pursuits of *Youth*, otherwise sensual habits will live in our imaginations when our limbs cannot be subservient to them. The poor fellow who lost his arm last siege, will tell you, he feels the fingers that were buried in *Flanders* ake every cold morning at *Chelsea*.

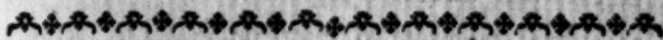
The fond humour of appearing in the gay and fashionable world, and being applauded for trivial excellencies, is what makes *Youth* have *Age* in contempt, and makes *Age* resign with so ill a grace the qualifications of *Youth* : but this in both sexes is inverting all things, and turning the natural course of our minds, which should build their approbations and dislikes upon what nature and reason dictate, into chimera and confusion.

*Age* in a virtuous person, of either sex, carries in it an authority which makes it preferable to all the pleasures of *Youth*. If to be saluted, attended, and consulted with deference, are instances of pleasure, they are such as never fail a virtuous *old Age*. In the enumeration of the imperfections and advantages of the *younger* and *later* years of Man, they are so

near in their condition, that, methinks, it should be incredible we see so little commerce of kindness between them. If we consider *Youth* and *Age* with *Tully*, regarding the affinity to death, *Youth* has many more chances to be near it than *Age*: what *Youth* can say more than an *old Man*, ‘He shall live ’till night?’ *Youth* catches distempers more easily, its sickness is more violent, and its recovery more doubtful. The *Youth* indeed hopes for many more days, so cannot the *old Man*. The *Youth*’s hopes are ill-grounded; for what is more foolish than to place any confidence upon an uncertainty? But the *old Man* has not room so much as for hope; he is still happier than the *Youth*, he has already enjoyed what the other does but hope for: one wishes to live long, the other has lived long. But alas, is there any thing in human life, the duration of which can be called long? There is nothing which must end to be valued for its continuance. If hours, days, months, and years pass away, it is no matter what hour, what day, what month, or what year we die. The applause of a good actor is due to him at whatever scene of the play he makes his exit. It is thus in the life of a man of sense, a short life is sufficient to manifest himself a man of honour and virtue; when he ceases to be such he has lived too long, and while he is such, it is of no consequence to him how long he shall be so, provided he is so to his life’s end. T



N<sup>o</sup>. 224. Friday, November 16.



---*Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru*  
*Non minus ignotos generosis*-- Hor. Sat. 6. l. 1. v. 23.

---*Glory's shining chariot swiftly draws*  
*With equal whirl the noble and the base.* CREECH.

IF we look abroad upon the great multitude of mankind, and endeavour to trace out the principles of action in every individual, it will, I think, seem highly probable, that *Ambition* runs through the whole species, and that every man, in proportion to the vigour of his complexion, is more or less actuated by it. It is indeed no uncommon thing to meet with men, who, by the natural bent of their inclinations, and without the discipline of philosophy, aspire not to the heights of power and grandeur; who never set their hearts upon a numerous train of clients and dependencies, nor other gay appendages of greatness; who are contented with a competency, and will not molest their tranquility to gain an abundance: But it is not therefore to be concluded that such a man is not *ambitious*: his desire may have cut out another channel, and determined him to other pursuits; the motive however may be still the same, and in these cases likewise the man may be equally push'd on with the desire of distinction.

Though

Though the pure consciousness of worthy actions, abstracted from the views of popular applause, be to a generous mind an ample reward, yet the desire of distinction was doubtless implanted in our natures as an additional incentive to exert ourselves in virtuous excellence.

This passion indeed, like all others, is frequently perverted to evil and ignoble purposes; so that we may account for many of the excellencies and follies of life upon the same innate principle, to wit, the desire of being remarkable: For this, as it has been differently cultivated by education, study and converse, will bring forth suitable effects as it falls in with an ingenuous disposition, or a corrupt mind; it does accordingly express it self in acts of magnanimity or selfish cunning, as it meets with a good or a weak understanding. As it has been employed in embellishing the mind or adorning the outside, it renders the man eminently praise-worthy or ridiculous. *Ambition* therefore is not to be confined only to one passion or pursuit; for as the same humours, in constitutions otherwise different, affect the body after different manners, so the same aspiring principle within us sometimes breaks forth upon one object, sometimes upon another.

It cannot be doubted, but that there is as great desire of glory in a ring of wrestlers or cudgel-players as in any other more refined competition for superiority. No man that could avoid it, would ever suffer his head to be broken but out of a principle of honour.

This



This is the secret spring that pushes them forward ; and the superiority which they gain above the undistinguished many, does more than repair those wounds they have received in the combat. It is Mr. *Waller's* opinion, that *Julius Cæsar*, had he not been master of the *Roman Empire*, would in all probability have made an excellent wrestler.

*Great Julius on the mountains bred,  
A flock perhaps or herd had led ;  
He that the world subdu'd, had been  
But the best wrestler on the green.*

That he subdued the world, was owing to the accidents of art and knowledge ; had he not met with those advantages, the same sparks of emulation would have kindled within him, and prompted him to distinguish himself in some enterprise of a lower nature. Since therefore no man's lot is so unalterably fixed in this life, but that a thousand accidents may either forward or disappoint his advancement, it is, methinks, a pleasant and inoffensive speculation, to consider a great man as divested of all the adventitious circumstances of fortune, and to bring him down in one's imagination to that low station of life, the nature of which bears some distant resemblance to that high one he is at present possessed of. Thus one may view him exercising in miniature those talents of nature, which being drawn out by education to their full length, enable him for the discharge of some important

portant employment. On the other hand, one may raise uneducated merit to such a pitch of greatness as may seem equal to the possible extent of his improved capacity.

Thus nature furnishes a man with a general appetite of glory, education determines it to this or that particular object. The desire of distinction is not, I think, in any instance more observable than in the variety of outfides and new appearances, which the modish part of the world are obliged to provide, in order to make themselves remarkable; for any thing glaring and particular, either in behaviour or apparel, is known to have this good effect, that it catches the eye, and will not suffer you to pass over the person so adorned without due notice and observation. It has likewise, upon this account, been frequently resented as a very great slight, to leave any gentleman out of a lampoon or satire, who has as much right to be there as his neighbour, because it supposes the person not eminent enough to be taken notice of. To this passionate fondness for distinction are owing various frolicksome and irregular practices, as sallying out into nocturnal exploits, breaking of windows, singing of catches, beating the watch, getting drunk twice a day, killing a great number of horses; with many other enterprises of the like fiery nature: for certainly many a man is more rakish and extravagant than he would willingly be, were there not others to look on and give their approbation.

One very common, and at the same time the most  
absurd

absurd *Ambition* that ever shewed it self in human nature, is that which comes upon a man with experience and old age, the season when it might be expected he should be wisest; and therefore it cannot receive any of those lessening circumstances which do, in some measure, excuse the disorderly ferments of youthful blood: I mean the passion for getting money, exclusive of the character of the provident father, the affectionate husband, or the generous friend. It may be remarked, for the comfort of honest poverty, that this desire reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow in a barren soil. Humanity, good-nature, and the advantages of a liberal education, are incompatible with avarice. 'Tis strange to see how suddenly this abject passion kills all the noble sentiments and generous *Ambitions* that adorn human nature; it renders the man who is over-run with it a peevish and cruel master, a severe parent, an unsociable husband, a distant and mistrustful friend. But it is more to the present purpose to consider it as an absurd passion of the heart, rather than as a vicious affection of the mind. As there are frequent instances to be met with of a proud humility, so this passion, contrary to most others, affects applause, by avoiding all show and appearance; for this reason it will not sometimes endure even the common decencies of apparel. *A covetous man will call himself poor, that you may scold his vanity by contradicting him.* Love, and the desire of glory, as they are the most natural, so they are capa-

ble of being refined into the most delicate and rational passions. 'Tis true, the wise man who strikes out of the secret paths of a private life, for honour and dignity, allured by the splendor of a court, and the unfelt weight of publick employment, whether he succeeds in his attempts or no, usually comes near enough to this painted greatness to discern the daubing; he is then desirous of extricating himself out of the hurry of life, that he may pass away the remainder of his days in tranquility and retirement.

It may be thought then but common prudence in a man not to change a better state for a worse, nor ever to quit that which he knows he shall take up again with pleasure; and yet if human life be not a little moved with the gentle gales of hopes and fears, there may be some danger of its stagnating in an unmanly indolence and security. It is a known story of *Domitian*, that after he had possessed himself of the Roman empire, his desires turned upon catching flies. Active and masculine spirits in the vigour of youth neither can nor ought to remain at rest; if they debar themselves from aiming at a noble object, their desires will move downwards, and they will feel themselves actuated by some low and abject passion. Thus if you cut off the top branches of a tree, and not suffer it to grow any higher, it will not therefore cease to grow, but will quickly shoot out at the bottom. The man indeed who goes into the world only with narrow views of self-interest, who catches at the applause of an idle multitude, as he can find no solid contentment at the

end



end of his journey, so he deserves to meet with disappointments in his way; but he who is actuated by a noble principle, whose mind is so far enlarged as to take in the prospect of his country's good, who is enamoured with that praise which is one of the fair attendants of virtue, and values not those acclamations which are not seconded by the impartial testimony of his own mind; who repines not at the low station which providence has at present allotted him, but yet would willingly advance himself by justifiable means to a more rising and advantageous ground; such a man is warmed with a generous emulation; it is a virtuous movement in him to wish and to endeavour that his power of doing good may be equal to his will.

The man who is fitted out by nature, and sent into the world with great abilities, is capable of doing great good or mischief in it. It ought therefore to be the care of education to infuse into the untainted youth early notices of justice and honour, that so the possible advantages of good parts may not take an evil turn, nor be perverted to base and unworthy purposes. It is the business of religion and philosophy not so much to extinguish our passions, as to regulate and direct them to valuable well-chosen objects: when these have pointed out to us which course we may lawfully steer, 'tis no harm to set out all our sail; if the storms and tempests of adversity should rise upon us, and not suffer us to make the haven where we would be, it will however prove no small consolation to us in these circumstances, that we have neither

C 2

mistaken

mistaken our course, nor fallen into calamities of our own procuring.

Religion therefore (were we to consider it no farther than as it interposes in the affairs of this life) is highly valuable, and worthy of great veneration; as it settles the various pretensions, and otherwise interfering interests of mortal men, and thereby consults the harmony and order of the great community; as it gives a man room to play his part, and exert his abilities; as it animates to actions truly laudable in themselves, in their effects beneficial to society; as it inspires rational *Ambition*, correct love, and elegant desire.



Nº 543. Saturday, November 22.



-----*Facies non omnibus una,*  
*Nec diversa tamen*----- Ovid. Met. l. 2. v. 13.

*Tho' not alike, consenting parts agree,*  
*Fashion'd with similar variety.*

**T**HOSE who were skilful in *Anatomy* among the ancients, conclude from the outward and inward make of an human body, that it was the work of a being transcendently wise and powerful. As the world grew more enlightened in this art, their discoveries gave them fresh opportunities of admiring the conduct of providence in the formation of an human body

body. *Galen* was converted by his dissections, and could not but own a supreme Being upon a survey of this his handy-work. There were, indeed, many parts of which the old *Anatomists* did not know the certain use; but as they saw that most of those which they examined were adapted with admirable art to their several functions, they did not question but those, whose use they could not determine, were contrived with the same wisdom for respective ends and purposes. Since the circulation of the blood has been found out, and many other great discoveries have been made by our modern *Anatomists*, we see new wonders in the human frame, and discern several important uses for those parts, which uses the ancients knew nothing of. In short, the body of man is such a subject as stands the utmost test of examination. Tho' it appears formed with the nicest wisdom, upon the most superficial survey of it, it still mends upon the search, and produces our surprise and amazement in proportion as we pry into it. What I have here said of an human body, may be applied to the body of every animal which has been the subject of *anatomical* observations.

The body of an animal is an object adequate to our senses. It is a particular system of providence, that lies in a narrow compass. The eye is able to command it, and by successive inquiries can search into all its parts. Could the body of the whole earth, or indeed the whole universe, be thus submitted to the examination of our senses, were it not too big and disproportioned for our inquiries, too unwieldy for

the

the management of the eye and hand, there is no question but it would appear to us as curious and well-contrived a frame as that of the human body. We would see the same concatenation and subserviency, the same necessity and usefulness, the same beauty and harmony in all and every of its parts, as what we discover in the body of every single animal.

The more extended our reason is, and the more able to grapple with immense objects, the greater still are those discoveries which it makes of wisdom and providence in the works of the creation. A Sir *Isaac Newton*, who stands up as the miracle of the present age, can look through a whole planetary system; consider it in its weight, number, and measure; and draw from it as many demonstrations of infinite power and wisdom, as a more confined understanding is able to deduce from the system of an human body.

But to return to our speculations on *Anatomy*. I shall here consider the fabrick and texture of the bodies of animals in one particular view; which in my opinion, shews the hand of a thinking and all-wise being in their formation, with the evidence of a thousand demonstrations. I think we may lay this down as an incontestable principle, that chance never acted in a perpetual uniformity and consistence with itself. If one should always sling the same number with ten thousand dice, or see every throw just five times less, or five times more in number than the throw which immediately preceded it, who would not imagine there is some invisible power which directs the cast?

This



This is the proceeding which we find in the operations of nature. Every kind of animal is diversified by different magnitudes, each of which gives rise to a different species. Let a man trace the dog or lion-kind, and he will observe how many of the works of nature are published, if I may use the expression, in a variety of editions. If we look into the reptile world, or into those different kinds of animals that fill the element of water, we meet with the same repetitions among several species, that differ very little from one another, but in size and bulk. You find the same creature that is drawn at large, copied out in several proportions, and ending in miniature. It would be tedious to produce instances of this regular conduct in providence, as it would be superfluous to those who are versed in the natural history of animals. The magnificent harmony of the universe is such that we may observe innumerable divisions running upon the same ground. I might also extend this speculation to the dead parts of nature, in which we may find matter disposed into many similar systems, as well in our survey of stars and planets as of stones, vegetables, and other sublunary parts of the creation. In a word, providence has shewn the richness of its goodness and wisdom, not only in the production of many original species, but in the multiplicity of descendants which it has made on every original species in particular.

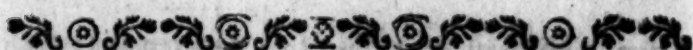
But to pursue this thought still farther: every living creature considered in it self, has many very complicated

plicated parts that are exact copies of some other parts which it possesses, and which are complicated in the same manner. One eye would have been sufficient for the subsistence and preservation of an animal; but, in order to better his condition, we see another placed with a mathematical exactness in the same most advantageous situation, and in every particular of the same size and texture. Is it possible for chance to be thus delicate and uniform in her operations? Should a million of dice turn up twice together the same number, the wonder would be nothing in comparison with this. But when we see this similitude and resemblance in the arm, the hand, the fingers; when we see one half of the body intirely correspond with the other in all those minute strokes, without which a man might have very well subsisted; nay, when we often see a single part repeated an hundred times in the same body, notwithstanding it consists of the most intricate weaving of numberless fibres, and these parts differing still in magnitude, as the convenience of their particular situation requires; sure a man must have a strange cast of understanding, who does not discover the finger of God in so wonderful a work. These duplicates in those parts of the body, without which a man might have very well subsisted; tho' not so well as with them, are a plain demonstration of an all-wise contriver; as those more numerous copyings, which are found among the vessels of the same body, are evident demonstrations that they could not be the work of chance. This argument receives

receives additional strength, if we apply it to every animal and insect within our knowledge, as well as to those numberless living creatures that are objects too minute for an human eye: and if we consider how the several species in this whole world of life resemble one another in very many particulars, so far as is convenient for their respective states of existence; it is much more probable that an hundred million of dice should be casually thrown a hundred million of times in the same number, than that the body of any single animal should be produced by the fortuitous concurrence of matter. And that the like chance should arise in innumerable instances, requires a degree of credulity that is not under the direction of common sense. We may carry this consideration yet further, if we reflect on the two sexes in every living species, with their resemblances to each other, and those particular distinctions that were necessary for the keeping up of this great world of life.

There are many more demonstrations of a supreme Being, and of his transcendant wisdom, power, and goodness in the formation of the body of a living creature, for which I refer my reader to other writings, particularly to the sixth book of the poem, intitled CREATION, where the *Anatomy* of the human body is described with great perspicuity and elegance. I have been particular on the thought which runs through this speculation, because I have not seen it enlarged upon by others. O

Wednesday

N<sup>o</sup>. 612. Wednesday, October 27.

*Murranum hic, atavos & avorum antiqua sonantem  
Nomina, per regesque actum genus omne Latinos,  
Præcipitem scopulo, atque ingentis turbine saxi  
Excudit, effunditque solo.-----Virg. Æn. 12. v. 529.*

*Murranus, boasting of his blood, that springs  
From a long royal race of Latian kings,  
Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,  
Crush'd with the weight of an unwieldy stone.*

D R Y D E N.

**I**T is highly laudable to pay respect to men who are descended from worthy *Ancestors*, not only out of gratitude to those who have done good to mankind, but as it is an encouragement to others to follow their example. But this is an honour to be receiv'd, not demanded, by the descendants of great men; and they who are apt to remind us of their *Ancestors*, only put us upon making comparisons to their own disadvantage. There is some pretence for boasting of wit, beauty, strength or wealth, because the communication of them may give pleasure or profit to others; but we can have no merit, nor ought we to claim any respect, because our fathers acted well, whether we would or no.

The following letter ridicules the folly I have mentioned,



tioned, in a new, and, I think, not disagreeable light.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

‘ WERE the genealogy of every family pre-  
 ‘ served, there would probably be no man va-  
 ‘ lued or despised on account of his birth. There is  
 ‘ scarce a beggar in the streets, who would not find  
 ‘ himself lineally descended from some great man ;  
 ‘ nor any one of the highest title, who would not dis-  
 ‘ cover several base and indigent persons among his  
 ‘ *Ancestors*. It would be a pleasant entertainment to  
 ‘ see one pedigree of men appear together, under the  
 ‘ same characters they bore when they acted their  
 ‘ respective parts among the living. Suppose there-  
 ‘ fore a gentleman, full of his illustrious family, should,  
 ‘ in the same manner as *Virgil* makes *Aeneas* look  
 ‘ over his descendants, see the whole line of his pro-  
 ‘ genitors pass in a review before his eyes, with how  
 ‘ many varying passions would he behold shepherds  
 ‘ and soldiers, statesmen and artificers, princes and  
 ‘ beggars, walk in the procession of five thousand  
 ‘ years ! How would his heart sink or flutter at the  
 ‘ several sports of fortune in a scene so diversified with  
 ‘ rags and purple, handicraft tools and sceptres, en-  
 ‘ signs of dignity and emblems of disgrace ; and how  
 ‘ would his fears and apprehensions, his transports  
 ‘ and mortifications, succeed one another, as the line  
 ‘ of his genealogy appear’d bright or obscure ?

‘ In most of the pedigrees hung up in old mansion-  
 ‘ houses

' houses, you are sure to find the first in the catalogue  
 ' a great statesman, or a soldier with an honourable  
 ' commission. The honest artificer that begot him,  
 ' and all his frugal *Ancestors* before him, are torn off  
 ' from the top of the register; and you are not left  
 ' to imagine, that the noble founder had a father.  
 ' Were we to trace many boasted lines farther back-  
 ' wards, we should lose them in a mob of tradesmen,  
 ' or a croud of rusticks, without hope of seeing them  
 ' emerge again: not unlike the old *Appian* way,  
 ' which after having run many miles in length, loses  
 ' itself in a bog.

' I lately made a visit to an old country gentleman;  
 ' who is very far gone in this sort of *family madness*.  
 ' I found him in his study perusing an old register of  
 ' his family, which he had just then discover'd, as it  
 ' was branched out in the form of a tree, upon a skin  
 ' of parchment. Having the honour to have some  
 ' of his blood in my veins, he permitted me to cast  
 ' my eye over the boughs of this venerable plant;  
 ' and asked my advice in the reforming of some of  
 ' the superfluous branches.

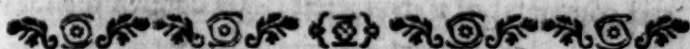
' We passed slightly over three or four of our im-  
 ' mediate forefathers, whom we knew by tradition,  
 ' but were soon stopped by an alderman of *London*,  
 ' who, I perceived, made my kindsmen's heart go  
 ' pit-a-pat. His confusion increased when he found  
 ' the alderman's father to be a grafter; but he recover-  
 ' ed his fright upon seeing *Justice of the Quorum* at the  
 ' end of his titles. Things went on pretty well, as  
 ' we threw

' we threw our eyes occasionally over the tree, when  
 ' unfortunately he perceived a merchant-tailor perch-  
 ' ed on a bough, who was said greatly to have in-  
 ' creased the estate; he was just a going to cut him  
 ' off, if he had not seen *Gent.* after the name of his  
 ' son; who was recorded to have mortgaged one of  
 ' the manors his honest father had purchased. A  
 ' weaver, who was burnt for his religion in the reign  
 ' of Queen *Mary*, was pruned away without mercy;  
 ' as was likewise a yeoman, who died of a fall from  
 ' his own cart. But great was our triumph in one  
 ' of the blood who was beheaded for high treason:  
 ' which nevertheless was not a little allay'd by ano-  
 ' ther who was hanged for stealing of sheep. The  
 ' expectations of my good cousin were wonderfully  
 ' raised by a match into the family of a knight, but  
 ' unfortunately for us, this branch proved barren:  
 ' On the other hand, *Margery* the milk-maid being  
 ' twined round a bough, it flourished out into so ma-  
 ' ny shoots, and bent with so much fruit, that the  
 ' old gentleman was quite out of countenance. To  
 ' comfort me, under this disgrace, he singled out a  
 ' branch ten times more fruitful than the other, which,  
 ' he told me, he valued more than any in the tree,  
 ' and bade me be of good comfort. This enormous  
 ' bough was a graft out of a *Welsh* heiress, with so  
 ' many *Ap's* upon it that it might have made a little  
 ' grove by itself. From the trunk of the pedigree,  
 ' which was chiefly composed of labourers and shep-  
 ' herds, arose a huge sprout of farmers; this was  
 ' branched

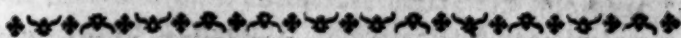
• branched out into yeomen ; and ended in a sheriff  
 • of the county, who was knighted for his good ser-  
 • vice to the crown, in bringing up an address. Se-  
 • veral of the names that seemed to disparage the  
 • family, being looked upon as mistakes, were lopped  
 • off as rotten or withered ; as, on the contrary, no  
 • small number appearing without any titles, my  
 • cousin, to supply the defects of the manuscript, add-  
 • ed *Esq* ; at the end of each of them.

• This tree so pruned, dressed, and cultivated, was  
 • within a few days, transplanted into a large sheet  
 • of vellum and placed in the great hall, where it at-  
 • tracts the veneration of his tenants every *Sunday*-  
 • morning, while they wait till his worship is ready  
 • to go to church ; wondering that a man, who had  
 • so many fathers before him, should not be made a  
 • knight, or at least a justice of the peace.





N<sup>o</sup> 438. Wednesday, July 23.



-----*Animum rege, qui, nisi paret,*

*Imperat*-----

Hor. Ep. 2. l. 1. v. 62

-----*Curb thy soul,*

*And check thy rage, which must be rul'd or rule.*

C R R E C H.

**I**T is a very common expression, that such a one is very good-natured, but very passionate. The expression is indeed very good-natured, to allow passionate people so much quarter: but I think a passionate man deserves the least indulgence imaginable. It is said, it is soon over; that is, all the mischief he does is quickly dispatched, which, I think, is no great recommendation to favour. I have known one of those good-natured passionate men say in a mixed company, even to his own wife or child, such things as the most inveterate enemy of his family would not have spoke, even in imagination. It is certain that quick sensibility is inseparable from a ready understanding; but why should not that good understanding call to itself all its force on such occasions, to master that sudden inclination to *Anger*? One of the greatest souls now in the world is the most subject by nature to *Anger*, and yet so famous for a conquest of himself this way, that he is the known example when you talk of temper  
and

and command of a man's self. To contain the spirit of *Anger*, is the worthiest discipline we can put ourselves to. When a man has made any progress this way, a frivolous fellow in a passion, is to him as contemptible as a froward child. It ought to be the study of every man, for his own quiet and peace. When he stands combustible and ready to flame upon every thing that touches him, life is as uneasy to himself as it is to all about him. *Syncropius* leads, of all men living, the most ridiculous life; he is ever offending, and begging pardon. If his man enters the room without what he sent for, *that blockhead*, begins he ---- *Gentlemen, I ask your pardon, but servants now-a-days* ---- The wrong plates are laid, they are thrown into the middle of the room; his wife stands by in pain for him, which he sees in her face, and answers, as if he had heard all she was thinking; *why, what the devil! why don't you take care to give orders in these things?* His friends sit down to a tasteless plenty of every thing, every minute expecting new insults from his impertinent passions. In a word, to eat with, or visit *Syncropius*, is no other than going to see him exercise his family, exercise their patience, and his own *Anger*.

It is monstrous that the shame and confusion in which this good-natured *angry* man must needs behold his friends, while he thus lays about him, does not give him so much reflexion as to create an amendment. This is the most scandalous disuse of reason imaginable; all the harmless part of him is no more than that

of a

of a bull-dog, they are tame no longer than they are not offended. One of these good-natured *angry* men shall, in an instant, assemble together so many allusions to secret circumstances, as are enough to dissolve the peace of all the families and friends he is acquainted with, in a quarter of an hour, and yet the next moment be the best natured man in the whole world. If you would see passion in its purity, without mixture of reason, behold it represented in a mad hero, drawn by a mad poet. *Nat. Lee* makes his *Alexander* say thus:

*Away, begon, and give a whirlwind room,  
Or I will blow you up like dust! avaunt;  
Madness but meanly represents my toil.  
Eternal discord!  
Fury! revenge! disdain and indignation!  
Tear my swollen breast, make way for fire and tempest,  
My brain is burst, debate and reason quench'd;  
The storm is up, and my hot bleeding heart  
Splits with the rack, while passions, like the winds,  
Rise up to heav'n, and put out all the stars.*

Every passionate fellow in town talks half the day with as little consistency, and threatens things as much out of his power.

The next disagreeable person to the outrageous gentleman, is one of a much lower order of *Anger*, and he is what we commonly call a *peevish* fellow. A *peevish* fellow is one who has some reason in himself for being out of humour, or has a natural in-

capacity for delight, and therefore disturbs all who are happier than himself with pishes and pshawes, or other well-bred interjections, at every thing that is said or done in his presence. There should be physic mixed in the food of all which these fellows eat in good company. This degree of *Anger* passes, forsooth, for a delicacy of judgment, that won't admit of being easily pleas'd; but none above the character of wearing a *peevish* man's livery, ought to bear with his ill manners. All things among men of sense and condition should pass the censure, and have the protection of the eye of reason. No man ought to be tolerated in an habitual humour, whim, or particularity of behaviour, by any who do not wait upon him for bread.

Next to the *peevish* fellow is the *Snarler*. This gentleman deals mightily in what we call the irony, and as those sort of people exert themselves most against those below them, you see their humour best, in their talk to their servants. *That is so like you, you are a fine fellow, thou art the quickest head-piece,* and the like. One would think the hectoring, the storming, the fullen, and all the different species and subordinations of the *angry* should be cured, by knowing they live only as pardoned men; and how pitiful is the condition of being only suffered? But I am interrupted by the pleasantest scene of *Anger* and the disappointment of it that I have ever known, which happened while I was yet writing, and I overheard as I sat in the back-room at a *French* bookseller's. There came into the  
shop

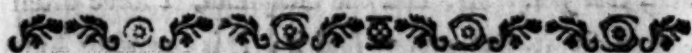


shop a very learned man with an erect solemn air, and tho' a person of great parts otherwise, slow in understanding any thing which makes against himself. The composure of the faulty man, and the whimsical perplexity of him that was justly *angry*, is perfectly new: after turning over many volumes, said the seller to the buyer, *Sir, you know I have long asked you to send me back the first volume of French sermons I formerly lent you.* Sir, said the chapman, I have often looked for it, but cannot find it; it is certainly lost, and I know not to whom I lent it, it is so many years ago. *Then, Sir, here is the other volume, I'll send you home that, and please to pay for both.* My friend, reply'd he, can't thou be so senseless as not to know that one volume is as imperfect in my library as in your shop? *Yes, Sir, but it is you have lost the first volume, and to be short I will be paid.* Sir, answered the chapman, you are a young man, your book is lost, and learn by this little loss to bear much greater adversities, which you must expect to meet with. *Yes, Sir, I'll bear when I must, but I have not lost now, for I say you have it and shall pay me.* Friend, you grow warm, I tell you the book is lost, and I foresee in the course even of a prosperous life, that you will meet afflictions to make you mad, if you cannot bear this trifle. *Sir, there is in this case no need of bearing, for you have the book.* I say, Sir, I have not the book. But your passion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not. Learn resignation of yourself to the distresses of this life: nay do not fret and fume, it is my

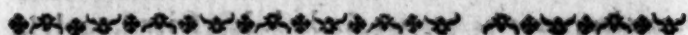
#### 44 SELECT SPECTATOR.

duty to tell you that you are of an impatient spirit, and an impatient spirit is never without woe. *Was ever any thing like this?* Yes, Sir, there have been many things like this. The loss is but a trifle, but your temper is wanton, and incapable of the least pain; therefore let me advise you, be patient, the book is lost, but do not you for that reason lose yourself.

T



Nº. 389. Tuesday, May 27.



-----*Meliora pii docuere parentes.*

Hor.

*Their pious fires a better lesson taught.*

**N**OTHING has more surpris'd the learned in England, than the price which a small book, intitled *Spaccio della bestia trionfante*, bore in a late auction. This book was sold for thirty pound. As it was written by one *Jordanus Brunus*, a professed Atheist, with a design to depreciate religion, every one was apt to fancy, from the extravagant price it bore, that there must be something in it very formidable.

I must confess that happening to get a sight of one of them my self, I could not forbear perusing it with this apprehension; but found there was so very little danger in it, that I shall venture to give my readers a fair account of the whole plan upon which this wonderful treatise is built.

The

The author pretends that *Jupiter* once upon a time resolved on a reformation of the constellations: for which purpose having summoned the stars together, he complains to them of the great decay of the worship of the gods, which he thought so much the harder, having called several of those celestial bodies by the names of the heathen deities, and by that means made the heavens as it were a book of the pagan theology. *Momus* tells him, that this is not to be wondered at, since there were so many scandalous stories of the deities; upon which the author takes occasion to cast reflexions upon all other religions, concluding, that *Jupiter*, after a full hearing, discarded the deities out of heaven, and called the stars by the names of the moral virtues.

This short fable, which has no pretence in it to reason or argument, and but a very small share of wit, has however recommended itself wholly by its impiety, to those weak men, who would distinguish themselves by the singularity of their opinions.

There are two considerations which have been often urged against *Atheists*, and which they never yet could get over. The first is, that the greatest and most eminent persons of all ages have been against them, and always complied with the public forms of worship established in their respective countries, when there was nothing in them either derogatory to the honour of the supreme Being, or prejudicial to the good of mankind.

The *Plato's* and *Cicero's* among the ancients;  
the

the *Bacons*, the *Boyles*, and the *Lockes*, among our own countrymen, are all instances of what I have been saying; not to mention any of the divines, however celebrated, since our adversaries challenge all those, as men who have too much interest in this case to be impartial evidence.

But what has been often urged as a consideration of much more weight, is, not only the opinion of the better sort, but the general consent of mankind to this great truth; which I think could not possibly have come to pass, but from one of the three following reasons; either that the idea of a God is innate and coexistent with the mind itself; or that this truth is so very obvious, that it is discover'd by the first exertion of reason in persons of the most ordinary capacities; or lastly, that it has been delivered down to us thro' all ages by a tradition from the first man.

The *Atheists* are equally confounded, to which ever of these three causes we assign it; they have been so pressed by this last argument from the general consent of mankind, that after great search and pains they pretend to have found out a nation of *Atheists*, I mean that polite people the *Hottentots*.

I dare not shock my readers with a description of the customs and manners of these barbarians, who are in every respect scarce one degree above brutes, having no language among them but a confused gabble, which is neither well understood by themselves or others.

It is not however to be imagin'd how much the  
*Atheists*



*Atheists* have gloried in these their good friends and allies.

If we boast of a *Socrates* or a *Seneca*, they may now confront them with these great philosophers the *Hottentots*.

Tho' even this point has, not without reason, been several times controverted, I see no manner of harm it could do religion, if we should entirely give them up this elegant part of mankind.

Methinks nothing more shews the weakness of their cause, than that no division of their fellow-creatures join with them, but those among whom they themselves own reason is almost defaced, and who have little else but their shape, which can entitle them to any place in the species.

Besides these poor creatures, there have now and then been instances of a few crazed people in several nations, who have denied the existence of a Deity.

The catalogue of these is however very short; even *Vanini*, the most celebrated champion for the cause, professed before his judges that he believed the existence of a God, and taking up a straw which lay before him on the ground, assured them, that alone was sufficient to convince him of it; alledging several arguments to prove that 'twas impossible nature alone could create any thing.

I was the other day reading an account of *Casimir Liszynski*, a gentleman of *Poland*, who was convicted and executed for this crime. The manner of his punishment was very particular. As soon as his body was

was burnt, his ashes were put into a cannon, and shot into the air towards *Tartary*.

I am apt to believe, that if something like this method of punishment should prevail in *England*, such is the natural good sense of the *British* nation, that whether we rammed an *Atheist* whole into a great gun, or pulveriz'd our infidels, as they do in *Poland*, we should not have many charges.

I should, however, propose, while our ammunition lasted, that instead of *Tartary*, we should always keep two or three cannons ready pointed towards the Cape of *Good-Hope*, in order to shoot our unbelievers into the country of the *Hottentots*.

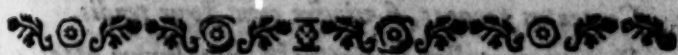
In my opinion, a solemn and judicial death is too great an honour for an *Atheist*, tho I must allow the method of exploding him, as it is practised in this ludicrous kind of martyrdom, has something in it proper enough to the nature of his offence.

There is indeed a great objection against this manner of treating him. Zeal for religion is of so active a nature, that it seldom knows where to rest; for which reason I am afraid, after having discharged our *Atheists*, we might possibly think of shooting off our sectaries; and, as one does not foresee the vicissitudes of human affairs, it might one time or other come to a man's own turn to fly out of the mouth of a demi-culverin.

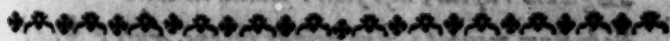
If any of my readers imagine that I have treated these gentlemen in too ludicrous a manner, I must confess, for my own part, I think reasoning against such  
unbelievers

unbelievers upon a point that shocks the common sense of mankind, is doing them too great an honour, giving them a figure in the eye of the world, and making people fancy that they have more in them than they really have.

As for those persons who have any scheme of religious worship, I am for treating such with the utmost tenderness, and should endeavour to shew them their errors with the greatest temper and humanity; but as these miscreants are for throwing down religion in general, for stripping mankind of what themselves own is of excellent use in all great societies, without once offering to establish any thing in the room of it; I think the best way of dealing with them, is to retort their own weapons upon them, which are those of scorn and mockery. X



N<sup>o</sup>. 55. Thursday, May 3.



-----*Intus & in jecore agro*

*Nascuntur Domini*----- Perf. Sat. 5. v. 129.

*Our passions play the tyrants in our breasts.*

**M**OST of the trades, professions, and ways of living among mankind, take their original either from the love of pleasure, or the fear of want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into *Luxury*, and the latter into *Avarice*. As these

two principles of action draw different ways, *Persius* has given us a very humourous account of a young fellow who was roused out of his bed, in order to be sent upon a long voyage, by *Avarice*, and afterwards over-persuaded and kept at home by *Luxury*. I shall set down at length the pleadings of these two imaginary persons, as they are in the original, with Mr. *Dryden's* translation of them.

*Manè, piger, stertis: surge, inquit Avaritia; eia  
Surge. Negas. Instat, surge, inquit. Non queo. Surge.  
Et quid agam? Rogitas? saperdas advehe Ponto,  
Castoreum, stuppas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa.  
Tolle recens primus piper è sitiente camelo.  
Verte aliquid; jura. Sed Jupiter audiet. Eben!  
Baro, regustatum digito terebrare salinum  
Contentus perages, si vivere cum Jove tendis.  
Jam pueris pellem succinctus & ænophorum aptas,  
Ocyùs ad navem. Nil obstat quin trabe vastâ  
Ægæum rapias, nisi solers Luxuria antè  
Seductum moneat; Quò deinde insane, ruis? Quò?  
Quid tibi vis? Calido sub pectore mascula bilis  
Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicutæ.  
Tun' mare transfiliis? Tibi tortâ cannabe fulto  
Cæna sit in transtrò? Veientanumque rubellum  
Exhalet vapidâ læsum pice sessilis obba?  
Quid petis? Ut nummi, quos hîc quincunce modesto  
Nutrieras, peragant avidos sudore deunces?  
Indulge genio: carpamus dulcia; nostrum est*

*Quòd*



SELECT SPECTATOR. 51

*Quod vivis; cinis, & manes, & fabula fiet.*

*Vivememor lethi: fugit hora: hoc quod loquor, inde est.*


*En quid agis? Duplici in diversum scinderis hamo.*

*Hunc cine, an hunc sequeris?----- Sat. 5. v. 131.*

Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,  
When thou wouldst take a lazy morning's nap;  
Up, up, says *AVARICE*: thou snor'st again,  
Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain.  
The rugged tyrant no denial takes;  
At his command th' unwilling sluggard wakes.  
What must I do? he cries; What? says his lord:  
Why rise, make ready, and go straight aboard:  
With fish from *Euxine* seas, thy vessel freight;  
Flax, castor, *Coan* wines, the precious weight  
Of pepper, and *Sabeen* incense, take  
With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back,  
And with post-haste thy running markets make.  
Be sure to turn the penny; lye and swear,  
'Tis wholesome sin: but *Jove* thou say'st will hear.  
Swear, fool, or starve; for the *dilemma's* even:  
A tradesman thou! and hope to go to heav'n?

Resolv'd for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,  
Each saddled with his burden on his back.  
Nothing retards thy voyage, now, but he,  
That soft voluptuous prince, call'd *LUXURY*;  
And he may ask this civil question; friend,  
What dost thou make a shipboard? To what end?  
Art thou of *Bethlem's* noble college free?  
Stark, staring mad, that thou would'st tempt the sea!

Cubb'd in a cabin, on a mattress laid,  
 On a brown *George*, with lousy swobbers, fed;  
 Dead wine, that stinks of the *Borachio*, sup  
 From a foul jack, or greasy maple cup?  
 Say would'st thou bear all this, to raise thy store,  
 From six i'th' hundred to six hundred more?  
 Indulge, and to thy genius freely give:  
 For, not to live at ease, is not to live:  
 Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour  
 Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.  
 Live, while thou liv'st; for Death will make us all  
 A name, a nothing, but an old wife's tale.  
 Speak; wilt thou *Avarice* or *Pleasure* choose  
 To be thy lord? Take one, and one refuse.



When a government flourishes in conquests, and is  
 secure from foreign attacks, it naturally falls into all  
 the pleasures of *Luxury*; and as these pleasures are ve-  
 ry expensive, they put those who are addicted to them  
 upon raising fresh supplies of money, by all the methods  
 of rapaciousness and corruption; so that *Avarice* and  
*Luxury* very often become one complicated principle  
 of action, in those whose hearts are wholly set upon  
 ease, magnificence, and pleasure. The most elegant  
 and correct of all the *Latin* historians observes, that  
 in his time, when the most formidable states in the  
 world were subdued by the *Romans*, the republic sunk  
 into those two vices of a quite different nature, *Luxury*  
 and *Avarice*: and accordingly describes *Catiline* as  
 one who coveted the wealth of other men, at the same  
 time

time that he squandered away his own. This observation on the common-wealth, when it was in its height of power and riches, holds good of all governments that are settled in a state of ease and prosperity. At such times men naturally endeavour to outshine one another in pomp and splendor, and having no fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themselves in the enjoyment of all the pleasures they can get into their possession; which naturally produces *Avarice*, and an immoderate pursuit after wealth and riches.

As I was humouring myself in the speculation of these two great principles of action, I could not forbear throwing my thoughts into a little kind of allegory or fable, with which I shall here present my reader.

There were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war against each other: the name of the first was *Luxury*, and the second *Avarice*. The aim of each of them was no less than universal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. *Luxury* had many generals under him, who did him great service, as Pleasure, Mirth, Pomp, and Fashion. *Avarice* was likewise very strong in his officers, being faithfully served by Hunger, Industry, Care and Watchfulness: He had likewise a privy-counsellor who was always at his elbow, and whispering something or other in his ear: the name of this privy counsellor was Poverty. As *Avarice* conducted himself by the counsels of Poverty, his antagonist was intirely guided by the dictates and advice of Plenty, who was his first counsellor and minister

minister of state, that concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conquests were very various. *Luxury* got possession of one heart, and *Avarice* of another. The father of a family would often range himself under the banners of *Avarice*, and the son under those of *Luxury*. The wife and husband would often declare themselves on the two different parties; nay, the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed the wise men of the world stood neuter; but alas! their numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two potentates had wearied themselves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their counsellors were to be present. It is said that *Luxury* began the parly, and after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good friends, were it not for the instigations of Poverty, that pernicious counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions and prejudice. To this *Avarice* replied, that he looked upon Plenty (the first minister of his antagonist) to be a much more destructive counsellor than Poverty, for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasures, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and consequently undermining those principles on which the government of *Avarice* was founded. At last,

in



in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this perliminary ; that each of them should immediately dismiss his privy-counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, insomuch that for the future they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them what ever conquests were made on either side. For this reason, we now find *Luxury* and *Avarice* taking possession of the same heart, and dividing the same person between them. To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the counsellors above-mentioned, *Avarice* supplies *Luxury* in the room of Plenty, as *Luxury* prompts *Avarice* in the place of Poverty.

C



Nº 601. Friday October 1.



Ὁ ἄνθρωπος ἐγγενὲς πεφυκός. Antonin. Lib. 9

*Man is naturally a benificent Creature*

**N**OTWITHSTANDING a narrow contracted temper be that which obtains most in the world, we must not therefore conclude this to be the genuine characteristick of mankind ; because there are some who delight in nothing so much as in *doing good*, and receive more of their happiness at second hand, or by rebound from others than by direct and immediate

immediate sensation. Now though these heroick souls are but few, and to appearance so far advanced above the groveling multitude, as if they were of another order of beings, yet in reality their nature is the same, moved by the same springs, and endowed with all the essential qualities, only cleared, refined, and cultivated. Water is the same fluid body in winter and in summer; when it stands stiffened in ice, and when it flows along in gentle streams, gladdening a thousand fields in its progress. 'Tis a property of the heart of man to be diffusive: Its kind wishes spread abroad over the face of the creation; and if there be those, as we may observe too many of them, who are all wrapt up in their own dear selves, without any visible concern for their species, let us suppose that their *good-nature* is frozen, and by the prevailing force of some contrary quality restrained in its operations. I shall therefore endeavour to assign some of the principal checks upon this generous propension of the human soul, which will enable us to judge whether, and by what method, this most useful principle may be unfettered, and restored to its native freedom of exercise.

The first and leading cause is an unhappy complexion of body. The heathens, ignorant of the true source of moral evil, generally charged it on the obliquity of matter, which, being eternal and independent, was incapable of change in any of its properties, even by the Almighty mind, who, when he came to fashion it into a world of beings, must take  
it

it as He found it. This notion, as most others of theirs, is a composition of truth and error. That matter is eternal, that from the first union of a soul to it, it perverted its inclinations, and that the ill influence it hath upon the mind is not to be corrected by God himself, are all very great errors, occasioned by a truth as evident, that the capacities and dispositions of the soul depend, to a great degree, on the bodily temper. As there are some fools, others are knaves, by constitution; and particularly, it may be said of many, that they are born with an illiberal cast of mind; the matter that composes them is tenacious as bird-lime, and a kind of cramp draws their hearts together, that they never care to open them, unless to grasp at more. 'Tis a melancholy lot this; but attended with one advantage above theirs, to whom it would be as painful to forbear *good offices*, as it is to these men to perform them; that whereas persons naturally *beneficent* often mistake instinct for virtue, by reason of the difficulty of distinguishing when one rules them and when the other, men of the opposite character may be more certain of the motive that predominates in every action. If they cannot confer a benefit with that ease and frankness which are necessary to give it a grace in the eye of the world, in requital, the real merit of what they do is enhanced by the opposition they surmount in doing it. The strength of their virtue is seen in rising against the weight of nature, and every time they have the resolution to discharge their duty, they make a sacrifice of inclination to conscience,

which

which is always too grateful to let its followers go without suitable marks of its approbation. Perhaps the entire cure of this ill quality is no more possible, than of some distemper that descends by inheritance. However, a great deal may be done by a course of *beneficence* obstinately persisted in; this, if any thing being a likely way of establishing a moral habit, which shall be somewhat of a counterpoise to the force of mechanism. Only it must be remembered, that we do not intermit, upon any pretence whatsoever, the custom of doing good, in regard, if there be the least cessation, nature will watch the opportunity to return, and in a short time to recover the ground it was so long in quitting: for there is this difference between mental habits, and such as have their foundation in the body; that these last are in their nature more forcible and violent, and, to gain upon us, need only not to be opposed; whereas the former must be continually reinforced with fresh supplies, or they will languish and die away. And this suggests the reason why good habits, in general, require longer time for their settlement than bad; and yet are sooner displaced; the reason is, that vicious habits (as drunkenness for instance) produce a change in the body, which the others not doing, must be maintained the same way they are acquired, by the mere dint of industry, resolution, and vigilance.

Another thing which suspends the operations of *Benevolence*, is the love of the world; proceeding from a false notion men have taken up, that an abundance of the world is an essential ingredient into the happiness



happinefs of life. Worldly things are of fuch a quality as to leffen upon dividing, fo that the more partners there are, the lefs muft fall to every man's private fhare. The confequence of this is, that they look upon one another with an evil eye, each imagining all the reft to be embarked in an intereft, that cannot take place but to his prejudice. Hence are thofe eager competitions for wealth or power; hence one man's fuccefs becomes another's difappointment; and like pretenders to the fame miftrefs, they can feldom have common charity for their rivals. Not that they are naturally difpofed to quarrel and fall out, but 'tis natural for a man to prefer himfelf to all others, and to fecure his own intereft firft. If that which men efteem their happinefs were, like the light, the fame fufficient and unconfined good, whether ten thoufand enjoy the benefit of it, or but one, we fhould fee mens *good-will*, and *kind endeavours*, would be as univerfal.

*Homo qui erranti comiter monftrat viam,  
Quafi lumen de fuo lumine accendat, facit,  
Nihilominus ipfi luceat, cum illi accenderit.*

' To direct a wanderer in the right way, is to light another man's candle by one's own, which lofes none of its light by what the other gains.'

But, unluckily, mankind agree in making choice of objects, which inevitably engage them in perpetual differences. Learn therefore, like a wife man, the true estimate of things. Desire not more of the world than

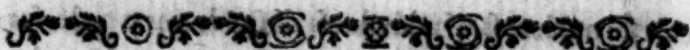
than is necessary to accommodate you in passing through it; look upon every thing beyond, not as useless only, but burthenſome. Place not your quiet in things which you cannot have without putting others beſide them, and thereby making them your enemies, and which, when attain'd, will give you more trouble to keep, than ſatisfaction in the enjoyment. Virtue is a good of a nobler kind; it grows by communication, and ſo little reſembles earthly riches, that the more hands it is lodged in, the greater is every man's particular ſtock. So, by propagating and mingling their fires, not only all the lights of a branch together caſt a more extenſive brightneſs, but each ſingle light burns with a ſtronger flame. And laſtly, take this along with you, that if wealth be an inſtrument of pleaſure, the greateſt pleaſure it can put into your power, is that of *doing good*. 'Tis worth conſidering, that the organs of ſenſe act within a narrow compaſs, and the appetites will ſoon ſay they have enough: Which of the two therefore is the happier man? He who conſining all his regard to the gratification of his own appetites, is capable but of ſhort fits of pleaſure? Or the man, who reckoning himſelf a ſharer in the ſatisfactions of others, eſpecially thoſe which come to them by his means, enlarges the ſphere of his happineſs?

The laſt enemy to *Benevolence* I ſhall mention is uneaſineſs of any kind. A guilty, or a diſcontented mind, a mind ruffled by ill fortune, diſconcerted by its own paſſions, ſoured by neglect, or fretting at diſappointments, hath not leiſure to attend to the neceſſity

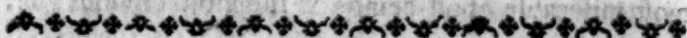
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or reasonableness of a kindness desired, nor a taste for those pleasures which wait on *beneficence*, which demand a calm and unpolluted heart to relish them. The most miserable of all beings is the most envious; as, on the other hand, the most communicative is the happiest. And if you are in search of the seat of perfect love and friendship, you will not find it till you come to the region of the blessed, where happiness, like a refreshing stream, flows from heart to heart in an endless circulation, and is preserved sweet and untainted by the motion. 'Tis old advice, if you have a favour to request of any one, to observe the softest times of address, when the soul, in a flush of *good-humour*, takes a pleasure to shew itself pleased. Persons conscious of their own integrity, satisfied with themselves, and their condition, and full of confidence in a supreme Being, and the hope of immortality, survey all about them with a flow of *good-will*. As trees which like their soil, they shoot out in expressions of kindness, and bend beneath their own precious load, to the hand of the gatherer. Now if the mind be not thus easy, 'tis an infallible sign that it is not in its natural state: place the mind in its right posture, it will immediately discover its innate propension to *beneficence*.

Monday



N<sup>o</sup>. 382. Monday, May 3.



*Habes confitentem reum.*

Tull.

*The accused confesses his guilt.*

I OUGHT not to have neglected a request of one of my correspondents so long as I have; but I dare say I have given him time to add practice to profession. He sent me some time ago a bottle or two of excellent wine to drink the health of a gentleman who had by the penny-post advertised him of an egregious error in his conduct. My correspondent received the obligation from an unknown hand with the *Candour* which is natural to an ingenuous mind; and promises a contrary behaviour in that point for the future: he will offend his monitor with no more errors of that kind, but thanks him for his benevolence. This frank carriage makes me reflect upon the amiable atonement a man makes in an ingenuous acknowledgment of a fault: all such miscarriages as flow from inadvertency are more than repaid by it; for reason, though not concerned in the injury, employs all its force in the atonement. He that says, he did not design to disoblige you in such an action, does as much as if he should tell you, that tho' the circumstance which displeased was never in his thoughts, he has that respect for you, that he is unsatisfied till it is wholly



wholly out of your's. It must be confessed, that when an acknowledgment of an offence is made out of poorness of spirit, and not conviction of heart, the circumstance is quite different: but in the case of my correspondent, where both the notice is taken and the return made in private, the affair begins and ends with the highest grace on each side. To make the acknowledgment of a fault in the highest manner graceful, it is lucky when the circumstances of the offender place him above any ill consequences from the resentment of the person offended. A dauphin of *France* upon a review of the army, and a command of the king to alter the posture of it by a march of one of the wings, gave an improper order to an officer at the head of a brigade, who told his Highness, he presumed he had not received the last orders, which were to move a contrary way. The prince, instead of taking the admonition which was delivered in a manner that accounted for his error with safety to his understanding, shook a cane at the officer; and with the return of opprobrious language persisted in his own orders. The whole matter came necessarily before the king, who commanded his son, on foot, to lay his right hand on the gentleman's stirrup as he sat on horseback in sight of the whole army, and ask his pardon. When the prince touched his stirrup, and was going to speak, the officer, with an incredible agility, threw himself on the earth, and kissed his feet.

The body is very little concerned in the pleasure  
or sufferings

or sufferings of souls truly great; and the reparation, when an honour was designed this soldier, appeared much too great to be borne by his gratitude, as the injury was intolerable to his resentment.

When we turn our thoughts from these extraordinary occurrences into common life, we see an ingenuous kind of behaviour not only make up for faults committed, but in a manner expiate them in the very commission. Thus many things wherein a man has pressed too far, he implicitly excuses, by owning, *this is a trespass; you'll pardon my confidence: I am sensible I have no pretension to this favour*, and the like. But commend me to those gay fellows about town who are directly impudent, and make up for it no otherwise than by calling themselves such, and exulting in it. But this sort of carriage which prompts a man against rules to urge what he has a mind to, is pardonable only when you sue for another. When you are confident in preference of yourself to others of equal merit, every man that loves virtue and modesty ought, in defence of those qualities, to oppose you: but without considering the morality of the thing, let us at this time behold only the natural consequence of *Candour* when we speak of our selves.

The SPECTATOR writes often in an elegant, often in an argumentative, and often in a sublime stile, with equal success; but how would it hurt the reputed author to own, that of the most beautiful pieces under his title, he is barely the publisher? There is nothing but what a man really performs, can be an honour

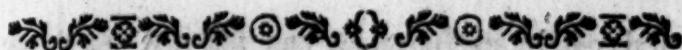
honour to him; what he takes more than he ought in the eye of the world, he loses in the conviction of his own heart, and a man must lose his consciousness, that is, his very self, before he can rejoice in any falshood without inward mortification.

Who has not seen a very criminal at the bar, when his counsel and friends have done all that they could for him in vain, prevail upon the whole assembly to pity him, and his judge to recommend his case to the mercy of the throne, without offering any thing new in his defence, but that he, whom before we wished convicted, became so out of his own mouth, and took upon himself all the shame and sorrow we were just before preparing for him? The great opposition to this kind of *Candour*, arises from the unjust idea people ordinarily have of what we call a high spirit. It is far from greatness of spirit to persist in the wrong in any thing, nor is it a diminution of greatness of spirit to have been in the wrong: perfection is not the attribute of man, therefore he is not degraded by the acknowledgment of an imperfection: but it is the work of little minds to imitate the fortitude of great spirits on worthy occasions, by obstinacy in the wrong. This obstinacy prevails so far upon them, that they make it extend to the defence of faults in their very servants. It would swell this paper to too great a length, should I insert all the quarrels and debates which are now on foot in this town; where one party, and in some cases both, is sensible of being on the faulty side, and have not spirit enough

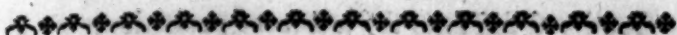
to acknowledge it. Among the ladies the case is very common, for there are very few of them who know that it is to maintain a true and high spirit, to throw away from it all which itself disapproves, and to scorn so pitiful a shame, as that which disables the heart from acquiring a liberality of affections and sentiments. The *candid* mind, by acknowledging and discarding its faults, has reason and truth for the foundation of all its passions and desires, and consequently is happy and simple; the disingenuous spirit, by indulgence of one unacknowledged error, is entangled with an after-life of guilt, sorrow and perplexity. T







Nº. 381. Saturday, May 17.



*Æquam memento rebus in arduis*

*Servare mentem, non secus in bonis*

*Ab insolenti temperatam*

*Lætitiâ, moriture Deli.*

Hor. Od. 3. l. 2. v. 1.

*Be calm, my Delius, and serene,*

*However fortune change the scene:*

*In thy most dejected state,*

*Sink not underneath the weight;*

*Nor yet, when happy days begin,*

*And the full tide comes rolling in,*

*Let a fierce, unruly joy*

*The settl'd quiet of thy mind destroy.* ANON.

I HAVE always preferred *Chearfulness* to *mirth*. The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. *Mirth* is short and transient, *Chearfulness* fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of *mirth*, who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy: on the contrary, *Chearfulness*, tho' it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depth of sorrow. *Mirth* is like a flash of lightning, that breaks thro' a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; *Chearfulness* keeps up a kind

of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Men of austere principles look upon *mirth* as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart that is inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers. Writers of this complexion have observed, that the sacred person who was the great pattern of perfection was never seen to laugh.

*Chearfulness* of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions; it is of a serious and composed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among christians.

If we consider *Chearfulness* in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of his soul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed: his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and  
does

does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall him.

If we consider him in relation to those persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and goodwill towards him. A *cheerful* mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the *Cheerfulness* of his companion: It is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this *cheerful* state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward *Cheerfulness* is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the Divine will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things, which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this *Cheerfulness* of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenness and tranquility of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. *Cheerfulness* in an ill man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with  
and

and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever titles it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this *Chearfulness* of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the Being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen, and cavil: It is indeed no wonder, that men, who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the world; and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and atheist have therefore no pretence to *Chearfulness*, and would act very unreasonably, should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good-humour, and to enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great principles  
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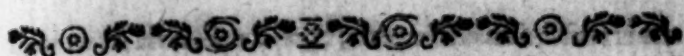
which are destructive of *Cbearfulness* in their own nature, as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deterve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with *Cbearfulness* of heart. The tossing of a tempest does not discompose him which he is sure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of *Cbearfulness*, in the consideration of his own nature and of that Being on whom he has a dependance. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence, which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally arise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those improveable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness? The consciousness of such a Being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

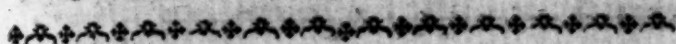
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The second source of *Chearfulness* to a good mind is its consideration of that Being, on whom we have our dependance, and in whom, though we behold Him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves every where upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we may depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies Him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage Him to make those happy who desire it of Him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction; all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may add those little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish in us such an even and cheerful temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to Him whom we were made to please.



Nº. 387. Saturday, May 24.



*Quid parè tranquillet*---Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1. v. 102.

*What calms the Breast and makes the Mind serene.*

**I**N my last *Saturday's* \*paper I spoke of *Chearfulness* as it is a *moral* habit of the mind, and accordingly mentioned such moral motives as are apt to cherish and keep alive this happy temper in the soul of man : I shall now consider *Chearfulness* in its *natural* state and reflect on those motives to it, which are indifferent either as to virtue or vice.

*Chearfulness* is, in the first place, the best promoter of health. Repinings and secret murmurs of heart give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine insensibly ; not to mention those violent ferments which they stir up in the blood, and those irregular disturbed motions which they raise in the animal spirits. I scarce remember, in my own observation, to have met with many old men, or with such, who (to use our *English* Phrase) *wear well*, that had not at least a certain indolence in their humour, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and *Chearfulness* of heart. The truth of it is, health and *Chearfulness* mutually beget each

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\* viz. No. 381.

other; with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain *Chaosfulness*, but very often see *Chaosfulness* where there is no great degree of health.

*Chaosfulness* bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body : it banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm. But having already touched on this last consideration, I shall here take notice that the world, in which we are placed, is filled with innumerable objects that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

If we consider the world in its subserviency to man, one would think it was made for our use ; but if we consider it in its natural beauty or harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleasure. The sun, which is as the great soul of the universe, and produces all the necessaries of life, has a particular influence, in clearing the mind of man, and making the heart glad.

Those several living creatures which are made for our service or sustenance, at the same time either fill the woods with musick, furnish us with game, or raise pleasing ideas in us by the delightfulness of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers are as refreshing to the imagination, as to the soil through which they pass.

There are writers of great distinction, who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green, rather than with any  
other



other colour, as being such a right mixture of light and shade, that it comforts and strengthens the eye instead of weakening and grieving it. For this reason several painters have a green cloth hanging near them to ease the eye upon after too great an application to their colouring. A famous modern philosopher accounts for it in the following manner: All colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal spirits which are employed in sight: on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal spirits a sufficient exercise; whereas the rays that produce in us the idea of green, fall upon the eye in such a due proportion, that they give the animal spirits their proper play, and, by keeping up the struggle in a just balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable sensation. Let the cause be what it will, the effect is certain, for which reason the poets ascribe to this particular colour the epithet of *cheerful*.

To consider further this double end in the works of nature, and how they are at the same time both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important parts in the vegetable world are those which are the most beautiful. These are the seeds by which several races of plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers or blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal design, and to be industrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preservation. The husbandman, after the same manner, is employed in laying out the whole

country into a kind of garden or landskip, and making every thing smile about him, whilst in reality he thinks of nothing but of the harvest, and increase which is to arise from it.

We may further observe how Providence has taken care to keep up this *Cheerfulness* in the mind of man, by having formed it after such a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving delight from several objects which seem to have very little use in them; as from the wildness of rocks and deserts, and the like gratefque parts of nature. Those who are versed in philosophy may still carry this consideration higher by observing that if matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable figure; and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us such imaginary qualities, as tastes and colours, sounds and smells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is conversant in the lower stations of nature, might have his mind cheered and delighted, with agreeable sensations? In short, the whole universe is a kind of theatre filled with objects that either raise in us pleasure, amusement, or admiration.

The reader's own thoughts will suggest to him the vicissitude of day and night, the change of seasons, with all that variety of scenes, which diversify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual succession of beautiful and pleasing images.

I shall not here mention the several entertainments  
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of art, with the pleasures of friendship, books, conversation, and other accidental diversions of life, because I would only take notice of such incitements to a *cheerful* temper, as offer themselves to persons of all ranks and conditions, and which may sufficiently shew us that Providence did not design this world should be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man should be involved in gloom and melancholy.

I the more inculcate this *Cheerfulness* of temper, as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of demon that haunts our island, and often conveys herself to us in an easterly wind. A celebrated French novelist, in opposition to those who begin their romances with the flowery season of the year, enters on his story thus: *In the gloomy month of November, when the people of England hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate lover walked out into the fields, &c.*

Every one ought to fence against the temper of his climate or constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those considerations which may give him a serenity of mind, and enable him to bear up *cheerfully* against those little evils and misfortunes which are common to human nature, and which by a right improvement of them will produce a satiety of joy, and an uninterrupted happiness.

At the same time that I would engage my reader to consider the world in its most agreeable lights, I must own there are many evils which naturally spring  
up

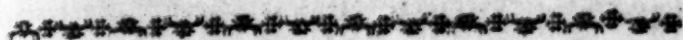
up amidst the entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly considered, should be far from overcasting the mind with sorrow, or destroying that *Chearfulness* of temper which I have been recommending. This interspersion of evil with good, and pain with pleasure, in the works of nature, is very truly ascribed by Mr. Locke, in his Essay on Human Understanding, to a moral reason in the following words:

*Beyond all this, we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain, in all things that environ and affect us, and blended them together, in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of compleat happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him, with whom there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.*





Nº. 397. Thursday, June 5.



—*Dolor ipse disfortuna*

*Faceras* ——— Ovid. Metam. l. 13. v. 225.

*For grief inspired me then with eloquence.* DRYDEN,

AS the *Stoick* philosophers discard all passions in general, they will not allow a wise man so much as to pity the afflictions of another. If thou seest thy friend in trouble, says *Epictetus*, thou mayest put on a look of sorrow, and console with him, but take care that thy sorrow be not real. The more rigid of this sect would not comply so far as to shew an outward appearance of grief, but when one told them of any calamity that had befallen even the nearest of their acquaintance, would immediately reply, what is that to me? If you aggravated the circumstances of the affliction, and shewed how one misfortune was followed by another, the answer was still, all this may be true, but what is it to me?

For my own part, I am of opinion, *Compassion* does not only refine and civilize human nature, but has something in it more pleasing and agreeable than what can be met with in such an indolent happiness, such an indifference to mankind as that in which the *Stoicks* placed their wisdom. As love is the most delightful passion, *Pity* is nothing else but love softened by a degree

degree of sorrow : In short, it is a kind of pleasing anguish, as well as generous sympathy, that knits mankind together, and blends them in the same common lot.

Those who have laid down rules for rhetorick or poetry, advise the writer to work himself up, if possible, to the pitch of sorrow which he endeavours to produce in others. There are none therefore who stir up *Pity* so much as those who indite their own sufferings. Grief has a natural eloquence belonging to it, and breaks out in more moving sentiments than can be supplied by the finest imagination. Nature on this occasion dictates a thousand passionate things which cannot be supplied by art.

It is for this reason that the short speeches or sentences which we often meet with in histories, make a deeper impression on the mind of the reader, than the most laboured strokes in a well written tragedy. Truth and matter of fact sets the person actually before us in the one, whom fiction places at a greater distance from us in the other. I do not remember to have seen any ancient or modern story more affecting than a letter of *Ann of Bologne*, wife to King *Henry the Eighth*, and mother to Queen *Elizabeth*, which is still extant in the *Cotton Library*, as written by her own hand.

*Shakespear* himself could not have made her talk in a strain so suitable to her condition and character. One sees in it the expostulations of a slighted lover, the resentments of an injur'd woman, and the sorrows of  
an

S E L E C T S P E C T A T O R. 31

an imprisoned queen. I need not acquaint my reader that this princess was under prosecution for disloyalty to the king's bed, and that she was afterwards publicly beheaded upon the same account, tho' this prosecution was believed by many to proceed, as she herself intimates, rather from the King's love to *Jane Seymour*, than from any actual crime in *Ann of Bologne*.

*Queen Ann Boleyn's last letter to King Henry.*

S I R.

Cotton Lib. ' **Y**OUR Grace's displeasure, and my  
Otho C. 10. c. imprisonment are things so strange  
, unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am  
, altogether ignorant. Whereas you fend unto me  
, (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your  
, favour) by such an one, whom you know to be mine  
, ancient professed enemy, I no sooner received this  
, message by him than I rightly conceived your mean-  
, ing; and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed  
, may procure my safety, I shall with all willingness  
, and duty perform your command.

‘ But let not your Grace ever imagine, that your  
, poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a  
, fault, where not so much as a thought thereof pre-  
, ceded. And to speak a truth, never prince had wife  
, more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than  
, you have ever found in *Ann Boleyn*: with which  
, name and place I could willingly have contented  
, myself, if God and your Grace's pleasure had been

## 82 SELECT SPECTATOR.

so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation, or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration, as I now find ; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation, than your Grace's fancy, the least alteration I knew was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other object. You have chosen me from a low estate, to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire. If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your Grace let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from me ; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart towards your good Grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant-princess your daughter. Try me, good King, but let me have a lawful tryal, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges : Yea let me receive an open tryal, for my truth shall fear no open shame : Then shall you see my innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your Grace may be freed from an open censure, and mine offence being so proved, your Grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party, for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto,

your



‘ your Grace not being ignorant of my suspicion  
‘ therein.

‘ But if you have already determined of me, and  
‘ that not only my death, but an infamous slander  
‘ must bring you the enjoying of your desired happi-  
‘ ness ; then I desire of God, that He will pardon your  
‘ great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the  
‘ instruments thereof, and that He will not call you to  
‘ strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage  
‘ of me, at his general judgment seat, where both  
‘ you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose  
‘ judgment I doubt not (whatsoever the world may  
‘ think of me) mine innocence shall be openly known  
‘ and sufficiently cleared.

‘ My last and only request shall be, that myself  
‘ may bear the burden of your Grace’s displeasure,  
‘ and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those  
‘ poor gentlemen, who (as I understand) are like-  
‘ wise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I  
‘ have found favour in your sight, if ever the name  
‘ of *Ann Boleyn* hath been pleasing in your ears, then  
‘ let me obtain this request, and I will so leave to trou-  
‘ ble your Grace any further, with my earnest pray-  
‘ ers to the Trinity to have your Grace in his good  
‘ keeping, and to direct you in all your actions.  
‘ From my doleful prison in the *Tower*, this sixth of  
‘ *May* ;

*Your most loyal*

*and ever faithful wife,*

‘ *Ann Boleyn*

*Friday*



No. 574. Friday. July 30.

*Non possidentem multa vocaveris**Recte beatum ; rectius occupat**Nomen beati, qui deorum**Muneribus sapienter uti,**Duramque callet pauperiem pati.*

Hor. Od. 9. l. 4. v. 45.

*Believe not those that lands possess,**And shining heaps of useless ore,**The only lords of happiness ;**But rather those that know,**For what kind fates bestow,**And have the art to use the store :**That have the generous skill to bear**The hated weight of poverty.*

**I** Was once engaged in discourse with a \**Rosicrucian* about the great Secret. As this kind of men (I mean those of them who are not professed cheats) are over-run with enthusiasm and philosophy, it was very amusing to hear this religious adept descanting on his pretended discovery. He talked of the secret as of a spirit which lived within an emerald, and converted every thing that was near it to the highest perfection

it is

\* For an account of a sect of Philosophers of this name see Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, vol. iv. p. 225, 226. Edit. 3vo. Lond.

it is capable of. It gives a lustre, says he, to the sun, and water to the diamond. It irradiates every metal, and enriches lead with all the properties of gold. It heightens smoke into flame, flame into light, and light into glory. He further added, that a single ray of it dissipates pain, and care, and melancholy from the person on whom it falls. In short, says he, its presence naturally changes every place into a kind of heaven. After he had gone on for some time in this unintelligible cant, I found that he jumbled natural and moral ideas together into the same discourse, and that his great secret was nothing else but *Content*.

This virtue does indeed produce, in some measure, all those effects which the alchymist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone: and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising out of a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them. It has indeed a kindly influence on the soul of man, in respect of every being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all murmur, repining, and ingratitude towards that Being who has allotted him his part to act in this world. It destroys all inordinate ambition, and every tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives sweetness to his conversation, and a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts.

Among the many methods which might be made use of for the acquiring of this virtue, I shall only mention the two following. First of all, a man should  
always

always consider how much he has more than he wants; and secondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleased with the reply which *Aristippus* made to one who condoled him upon the loss of a farm: *Why*, said he, *I have three farms still, and you have but one; so that I ought rather to be afflicted for you, than you for me.* On the contrary, foolish men are more apt to consider what they have lost than what they possess; and fix their eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than those who are under greater difficulties. All the real pleasures and conveniences of life lie in a narrow compass; but it is the humour of mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one who has got the start of them in wealth and honour. For this reason, as there are none who properly can be called rich, who have not more than they want; there are few richer men in any of the politer nations but among the middle sort of people who keep their wishes within their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons in a higher rank live in a kind of splendid poverty, and are perpetually wanting, because, of instead of acquiescing in the solid pleasures of life, they endeavour to outvie one another in shadows and appearances. Men of sense have at all times beheld with a great deal of mirth this silly game that is playing over their heads and, by contracting their desires, enjoy all that secret  
satisfaction



fatisfaction which others are always in quest of: The truth is, this ridiculous chace after imaginary pleasures cannot be sufficiently exposed, as it is the great source of those evils which generally undo a Nation. Let a man's estate be what it will, he is a poor man if he does not live within it, and naturally sets himself to sale to any one that can give him his price. When *Pittacus*, after the death of his brother, who had left him a good estate, was offered a great sum of money by the king of *Lydia*, he thanked him for his kindness, but told him he had already more by half than he knew what to do with. In short, *Content* is equivalent to wealth, and luxury to poverty; or to give the thought a more agreeable turn, *Content is natural wealth*, says *Socrates*; to which I shall add, *luxury is artificial poverty*. I shall therefore recommend to those who are always aiming after superfluous and imaginary enjoyments, and will not be at the trouble of contracting their desires, an excellent saying of *Bion* the philosopher: namely, *That no man has so much care, as he who endeavours after the most happiness*.

In the second place, every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former consideration took in all those who are sufficiently provided with the means to make themselves easy; this regards such as actually lie under some pressure or misfortune. These may receive alleviation from such a comparison as the unhappy person may make between himself and others, or between the misfortunes which he suffers, and greater misfortune

misfortunes which might have befallen him.

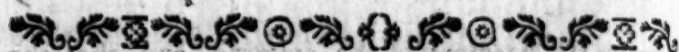
I like the story of the honest Dutchman, who, upon breaking his leg by a fall from the mainmast, told the standers by, it was a great mercy it was not his neck. To which, since I have got into quotations, give me leave to add the saying of an old philosopher, who, after having invited some of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his wife that came into the room in a passion and threw down the table that stood before them; *Every one*, says he, *has his calamity, and he is a happy man that has no greater than this.* We find an instance to the same purpose in the life of Doctor Hammond, written by Bishop Fell. As this great man was troubled with a complication of distempers, when he had the gout upon him, he used to thank God it was not the stone, and when he had the stone, that he had not these distempers on him at the same time.

I cannot conclude this essay without observing that there was never any system besides that of Christianity, which could effectually produce in the mind of man, the virtue I have been hitherto speaking of. In order to make us *content* in our present condition, many of the ancient philosophers tell us that our *discontent* only hurts ourselves, without being able to make any alteration in our circumstances; others, that what ever evil befalls us is derived to us by a fatal necessity, to which the Gods themselves are subject; while others very gravely tell the man who is miserable, that it is necessary he should be so to keep

keep up the harmony of the universe, and that the scheme of Providence would be troubled and prevented were he otherwise. These, and the like considerations, rather silence than satisfy a man. They may shew him that his discontent is unreasonable, but are by no means sufficient to relieve it. They rather give despair than consolation. In a word, a man might reply to one of these comforters, as *Augustus* did to his friend who advised him not to grieve for the death of a person whom he loved, because his grief could not fetch him back again: *It is for that very reason, said the emperor, that I grieve.*

On the contrary, religion bears a more tender regard to human nature. It prescribes to every miserable man the means of bettering his condition; nay, it shews him that the bearing of his afflictions as he ought to do will naturally end in the removal of them. It makes him easy here, because it can make him happy hereafter.

Upon the whole, a *contented* mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world; and if in the present life his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.



No. 393. Saturday, May 31.



*Nescio quā præter solitum dulcedine læti.*

Virg. Georg. 1. v. 412.

*Unusual sweetness purer joys inspires.*

LOOKING over the letters that have been sent me, I chanced to find the following one, which I received about two years ago from an ingenious friend who was then in *Denmark*.

Dear Sir,

Copenhagen, May 1, 1710.

THE Spring with you has already taken possession of the fields and woods: Now is the season of solitude, and of moving complaints upon trivial sufferings: Now the griefs of lovers begin to flow, and their wounds to bleed afresh. I too, at this distance from the softer climates, am not without my discontents at present. You perhaps may laugh at me for a most romantic wretch, when I have disclosed to you the occasion of my uneasiness; and yet I cannot help thinking my unhappiness real, in being confined to a region, which is the very reverse of Paradise. The seasons here are all of them unpleasant, and the country quite destitute of rural charms. I have not heard a bird sing, nor a brook murmur, nor a breeze whisper, neither have I been blest with

the



# SELECT SPECTATOR. 91

the sight of a flowery meadow these two years.  
Every wind here is a tempest, and every water a turbulent ocean. I hope when you reflect a little, you will not think the grounds of my complaint in the least frivolous and unbecoming a man of serious thought; since the love of woods, of fields, and flowers, of rivers and fountains, seems to be a passion implanted in our natures the most early of any, even before the fair sex had a being.

*I am, Sir, &c.*

Could I transport myself with a wish from one country to another, I should choose to pass my winter in Spain, my spring in Italy, my summer in England, and my autumn in France. Of all these seasons there is none that can vie with the spring for beauty and delightfulness. It bears the same figure among the seasons of the year, that the morning does among the divisions of the day, or youth among the stages of life. The English summer is pleasanter than that of any country in Europe, on no other account but because it has a greater mixture of spring in it. The mildness of our climate, with those frequent refreshments of dews and rains that fall among us, keep up a perpetual chearfulness in our fields, and fill the hottest months in the year with a lively verdure.

In the opening of the spring, when all nature begins to recover herself, the same animal pleasure which makes the birds sing, and the whole brute creation

rejoice, rises very sensibly in the heart of man. I know none of the poets who have observed so well as Milton those secret overflowings of gladness which diffuse themselves through the mind of the beholder upon surveying the gay scenes of nature: he has touched upon it twice or thrice in his *Paradise Lost*, and describes it very beautifully under the name of vernal delight, in that passage where he represents the devil himself as almost sensible of it.

*Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue  
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mixt:  
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams  
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,  
When God hath shower'd the earth: so lovely seem'd  
That landscape: And of pure now purer air  
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires  
Vernal delight, and joy able to drive  
All sadness but despair, &c.*

Many authors have written on the vanity of the creature, and represented the barrenness of every thing in this world, and its incapacity of producing any solid or substantial happiness. As discourses of this nature are very useful to the sensual and voluptuous; those speculations which shew the bright side of things, and lay forth those innocent entertainments which are to be met with among the several objects that encompass us, are no less beneficial to men of dark and melancholy tempers. It was for

this

this reason that I endeavoured to recommend a cheerfulness of mind in my two last *Saturday's* papers, and which I would still inculcate, not only from the consideration of ourselves, and of that Being on whom we depend, nor from the general survey of that universe in which we are placed at present, but from reflections on the particular season in which this paper is written. The *Creation* is a perpetual feast to the mind of a good man, every thing that he sees charms and delights him; Providence has imprinted so many smiles on nature, that it is impossible for a mind which is not sunk in more gross and sensual delights, to take a survey of them without several secret sensations of pleasure. The psalmist has in several of his divine poems celebrated those beautiful and agreeable scenes which make the heart glad, and produce in it that vernal delight which I have before taken notice of.

Natural philosophy quickens this taste of the *Creation*, and renders it not only pleasing to the imagination, but the understanding. It does not rest in the murmur of brooks and the melody of birds, in the shades of groves and woods, or in the embroidery of fields and meadows, but considers the several ends of Providence which are served by them, and the wonders of Divine wisdom which appear in them. It heightens the pleasures of the eye, and raises such a rational admiration in the soul as is little inferior to devotion.

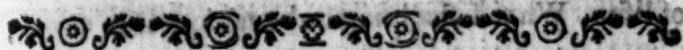
It is not in the power of every one to offer up this

kind of worship to the great Author of nature, and to indulge these more refined meditations of heart, which are doubtless highly acceptable in his sight; I shall therefore conclude this short essay on that pleasure which the mind naturally conceives from the present season of the year, by the recommending of a practice for which every one has sufficient abilities.

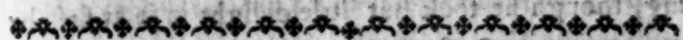
I would have my reader endeavour to moralize this natural pleasure of the soul, and to improve that vernal delight, as *Milton* calls it, into a christian virtue. When we find ourselves inspired with this pleasing instinct, this secret satisfaction and complacency arising from the beauties of the *Creation*, let us consider to whom we stand indebted for all these entertainments of sense, and who it is that thus opens his hand and fills the world with good. The apostle instructs us to take advantage of our present temper of mind, to graft upon it such a religious exercise as is particularly conformable to it, by that precept which advises *those who are sad to pray, and those who are merry to sing psalms*. The cheerfulness of heart which springs up in us from the survey of nature's works, is an admirable preparation for gratitude. The mind has gone a great way towards praise and thanksgiving, that is filled with such a secret gladness. A grateful reflexion on the Supreme cause who produces it, sanctifies it in the soul, and gives it its proper value. Such an habitual disposition of mind consecrates every field and wood, turns an ordinary walk into a morning or evening sacrifice, and will improve those transient



fient gleams of joy which naturally brighten up and refresh the soul on such occasions, into an inviolable and perpetual state of bliss and happiness. I



N<sup>o</sup>. 447. Saturday, August 2.



Φημι πολυχρόνῃν μελέτην ἴμεναι, φίλε· καὶ δὴ  
Ταύτην αἱ νθρώποισι τελευτῶσαν φύσιν εἶναι.

*Long exercise, my friend, inures the mind;  
And what we once dislik'd, we pleasing find.*

THE RE is not a common saying which has a better turn of sense in it, than what we often hear in the mouths of the vulgar, that *Custom is a second nature*. It is able indeed to form the man anew, and to give him inclinations and capacities altogether different from those he was born with. Dr. Plot, in his history of *Staffordshire*, tells us of an idiot that chancing to live within the sound of a clock, and always amusing himself with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock struck, the clock being spoiled by some accident, the idiot continued to strike and count the hour without the help of it, in the same manner as he had done when it was intire. Though I dare not vouch for the truth of this story, it is very certain that *Custom* has a mechanical effect upon the body, at the same time that it has a very extraordinary influence upon the mind.

I shall

I shall in this paper consider one very remarkable effect which *Custom* has upon human nature ; and which, if rightly observed, may lead us into very useful rules of life. What I shall here take notice of in *Custom*, is its wonderful efficacy in making every thing pleasant to us. A person who is addicted to play or gaming, though he took but little delight in it at first, by degrees contracts so strong an inclination towards it, and gives himself up so entirely to it, that it seems the only end of his being. The love of a retired or busy life will grow upon a man insensibly, as he is conversant in the one or the other, till he is utterly unqualified for relishing that to which he has been disused. Nay, a man may smoke, or drink, or take snuff, till he is unable to pass away his time without it ; not to mention how our delight in any particular study, art, or science, rises and improves in proportion to the application which we bestow upon it. Thus what was at first an exercise, becomes at length an entertainment. Our employments are changed into our diversions. The mind grows fond of those actions she is accustomed to, and is drawn with reluctancy from those paths in which she has been used to walk.

Not only such actions as were at first indifferent to us, but even such as were painful, will by *Custom* and practice become pleasant. Sir *Francis Bacon* observes in his natural philosophy, that our taste is never pleased better than with those things which first created a disgust in it. He gives particular instances of claret, coffee, and other liquors, which the palate seldom

dom approves upon the first taste ; but when it has once got a relish of them, generally retains it for life. The mind is constituted after the same manner, and after having habituated herself to any particular exercise or employment, not only loses her first aversion towards it, but conceives a certain fondness and affection for it. I have heard one of the greatest genius's this age has produced, who had been trained up in all the polite studies of antiquity, assure me, upon his being obliged to search into several rolls and records, that notwithstanding such an employment was at first dry and irksome to him, he at last took an incredible pleasure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of *Virgil* or *Cicero*. The reader will observe, that I have not here considered *Custom* as it makes things easy, but as it renders them delightful ; and though others have often made the same reflections, it is possible they may not have drawn those uses from it with which I intend to fill the remaining part of this paper.

If we consider attentively this property of human nature, it may instruct us in very fine moralities. In the first place, I would have no man discouraged with that kind of life or series of action, in which the choice of others, or his own necessities, may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very disagreeable to him at first, but use and application will certainly render it not only less painful, but pleasing and satisfactory.

In the second place, I would recommend to every one that admirable precept which *Pythagoras* is said to have given to his disciples, and which that philosopher

pher must have drawn from the observation I have enlarged upon. *Optimum vitæ genus eligito, nam consuetudo faciet jucundissimum*: Pitch upon that course of life, which is the most excellent, and *Custom* will render it the most delightful. Men, whose circumstances will permit them to choose their own way of life, are inexcusable if they do not pursue that which their judgment tells them is the most laudable. The voice of reason is to be more regarded than the bent of any present inclination, since by the rule above-mentioned inclination will at length come over to reason, though we can never force reason to comply with inclination.

In the third place, this observation may teach the most sensual and irreligious man, to overlook those hardships and difficulties, which are apt to discourage him from the prosecution of a virtuous life. *The Gods, said Hesiod, have placed labour before virtue; the way to her is at first rough and difficult, but grows more smooth and easy the further you advance in it.* The man who proceeds in it, with steadiness and resolution, will in a little time find that *her ways are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace.*

To enforce this consideration, we may further observe that the practice of religion will not only be attended with that pleasure, which naturally accompanies those actions to which we are habituated, but with those supernumerary joys of heart, that rise from the consciousness of such a pleasure, from the satisfaction of acting up to the dictates of reason, and from the prospect of an happy immortality. In the



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In the fourth place, we may learn from this observation which we have made on the mind of man, to take particular care, when we are once settled in a regular course of life, how we too frequently indulge ourselves in any the most innocent diversions and entertainments, since the mind may insensibly fall off from the relish of virtuous actions; and, by degrees, exchange that pleasure which it takes in the performance of its duty, for delights of a much more inferior and unprofitable nature.

The last use which I shall make of this remarkable property in human nature, of being delighted with those actions to which it is accustomed, is to shew how absolutely necessary it is for us to gain *habits* of virtue in this life, if we would enjoy the pleasures of the next. The state of bliss we call heaven will not be capable of affecting those minds, which are not thus qualified for it; we must, in this world, gain a relish of truth and virtue, if we would be able to taste that knowledge and perfection, which are to make us happy in the next. The seeds of those spiritual joys and raptures, which are to rise up and flourish in the soul to all eternity, must be planted in her, during this her present state of probation. In short, heaven is not to be look'd upon only as the reward, but as the natural effect of a religious life.

On the other hand, those evil spirits, who, by long *Custom*, have contracted in the body *habits* of lust and sensuality, malice and revenge, an aversion to every thing that is good, just or laudable, are naturally sea-

soned and prepared for pain and misery. Their torments have already taken root in them; they cannot be happy when divested of the body, unless we may suppose, that Providence will, in a manner, create them anew, and work a miracle in the rectification of their faculties. They may, indeed, taste a kind of malignant pleasure in those actions, to which they are accustomed, whilst in this life; but when they are removed from all those objects which are here apt to gratify them, they will naturally become their own tormentors, and cherish in themselves those painful habits of mind which are called, in scripture phrase, *the worm that never dies*. This notion of heaven and hell is so very conformable to the light of nature, that it was discovered by several of the most exalted heathens. It has been finely improved by many eminent divines of the last age, as in particular by Archbishop Tillotson and Dr. Sherlock: but there is none who has raised such noble speculations upon it as Dr. Scott, in the first book of his Christian Life, which is one of the finest and most rational schemes of divinity that is written in our tongue, or in any other. That excellent Author has shewn how every particular Custom and Habit of virtue will, in its own nature, produce the heaven, or a state of happiness, in him who shall hereafter practise it: as on the contrary, how every Custom or habit of vice will be the natural hell of him in whom it subsists.

No. 349. Thursday, April 10.

-----*Quos ille timorum*  
*Maximus haud urget lethi metus: inde ruendi*  
*In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces*  
*Mortis.*-----*Lucan. lib. 1. v. 454.*

*Thrice happy they beneath their northern skies,  
 Who that worst fear, the fear of death, despise!  
 Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,  
 But rush undaunted on the pointed steel,  
 Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn  
 To spare that life, which must so soon return.*

ROWE.

I AM very much pleased with a consolatory letter of Phalaris, to one who had lost a son that was a young man of great merit. The thought with which he comforted the afflicted father, is, to the best of my memory, as follows; that he should consider *Death* had set a kind of seal upon his son's character, and placed him out of the reach of vice and infamy: That while he liv'd he was still within the possibility of falling away from virtue, and losing the fame of which he was possessed. *Death* only closes a man's reputation, and determines it as good or bad.

This, among other motives, may be one reason why

why we are naturally averse to the launching out into a man's praise till his head is laid in the dust. Whilst he is capable of changing, we may be forced to retract our opinions. He may forfeit the esteem we have conceived of him, and some time or other appear to us under a different light from what he does at present. In short, as the life of any man cannot be called happy or unhappy, so neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous, before the conclusion of it.

It was upon this consideration that *Epaminondas*, being asked whether *Ghabrias*, *Iphicrates*, or he himself, deserved most to be esteemed? *You must first see us die*, saith he, *before that question can be answered.*

As there is not a more melancholy consideration to a good man than his being obnoxious to such a change, so there is nothing more glorious than to keep up an uniformity in his actions, and preserve the beauty of his character to the last.

The end of a man's life is often compared to the winding up of a well-written play, where the principal persons still act in character, whatever the fate is which they undergo. There is scarce a great person in the *Græcian* or *Roman* history, whose *Death* has not been remarked upon by some writer or other, and censured or applauded according to the genius or principles of the person who has descanted on it. *Monfieur de St. Evremond* is very particular in setting forth the constancy and courage of *Petronius Arbiter* during his last moments, and thinks he discovers in  
them



them a greater firmness of mind and resolution than in the *Death of Seneca, Cato, or Socrates*. There is no question but this polite author's affectation of appearing singular in his remarks, and making discoveries which had escaped the observation of others, threw him into this course of reflection. It was *Petrarch's* merit, that he died in the same gaiety of temper in which he lived; but as his life was altogether loose and dissolute, the indifference which he shewed at the close of it is to be looked upon as a piece of natural carelessness, and levity, rather than fortitude. The resolution of *Socrates* proceeded from very different motives, the consciousness of a well-spent life, and the prospect of a happy eternity. If the ingenious author abovementioned was so pleased with gaiety of humour in a dying man, he might have found a much nobler instance of it in our countryman *Sir Thomas More*.

This great and learned man was famous for enlivening his ordinary discourses with wit and pleasantry; and, as *Erasmus* tells him in an epistle dedicatory, acted in all parts of life like a second *Democritus*.

He died upon a point of religion, and is respected as a martyr, by that side for which he suffered. That innocent mirth, which has been so conspicuous in his life, did not forsake him to the last: He maintained the same chearfulness of heart upon the scaffold, which he used to shew at his table; and, upon laying his head upon the block, gave instances of that good-humour with which he had always entertained his friends

friends in the most ordinary occurrences. His *Death* was of a piece with his life. There was nothing in it new, forced or affected. He did not look upon the severing his head from his body as a circumstance that ought to produce any change in the disposition of his mind; and as he died under a fixed and settled hope of immortality, he thought any unusual degree of sorrow and concern improper on such an occasion, as had nothing in it which could deject or terrify him.

There is no great danger of imitation from this example. Mens natural fears will be a sufficient guard against it. I shall only observe, that what was philosophy in this extraordinary man, would be frenzy in one who does not resemble him as well in the cheerfulness of his temper, as in the sanctity of his life and manners.

I shall conclude this paper with the instance of a person who seems to me to have shewn more intrepidity and greatness of soul in his dying moments, than what we meet with among any of the most celebrated *Greeks* and *Romans*. I met with this instance in the history of the revolutions in *Portugal*, written by the Abbot *de Vertot*.

When Don *Sebastian*, king of *Portugal*, had invaded the territories of *Muly Moluc*, emperor of *Morocco*, in order to dethrone him, and set his crown upon the head of his nephew, *Moluc* was wearing away with a distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his  
sickness

sickness, than he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but knowing the fatal consequence that would happen to his children and people, in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers that if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army, and that they should ride up to the litter in which his corps was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle begun, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly, in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go against him, tho' he was very near his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them to the charge; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the *Moors*. He had no sooner brought his men to the engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his litter, where laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin secrecy to his officers, who stood about him, he died a few moments after in that posture.



No. 513. Saturday, October 18.



-----*Afflata est numine quando*

*Jam propicere Dei* -----

Virg. *Æn.* 6. v. 50.

*When all the God came rushing on her soul.*

DRYDEN.

THE following letter comes to me from that excellent man in holy orders, whom I have mentioned \*more than once as one of that society who assists me in my speculations. It is a *thought in sickness*, and of a very serious nature, for which reason I give it a place in the paper of this day.

S I R,

THE indisposition which has long hung upon me, is at last grown to such a head, that it must quickly make an end of me, or of itself. You may imagine, that whilst I am in this bad state of health, there are none of your works which I read with greater pleasure than your *Saturday's* papers. I should be very glad if I could furnish you with any hints for that day's entertainment. Were I able to dress up several thoughts of a serious nature, which have made great impressions on my mind during a long fit of sickness, they might not be an improper entertainment for that occasion.

\* Among all the reflections which usually rise in

\* See Spectator.

\* the



• the mind of a sick man, who has time and inclination  
 • to consider his approaching end, there is none more  
 • natural than that of his going to appear naked and  
 • unbodied before Him who made him. When a man  
 • considers that as soon as the vital union is dissolved,  
 • he shall see that Supreme Being, whom he now con-  
 • templates at a distance, and only in his works; or  
 • to speak more philosophically, when by some fa-  
 • culty in the soul he shall apprehend the Divine Be-  
 • ing, and be more sensible of his presence, than we  
 • are now of the presence of any object which the eye  
 • beholds, a man must be lost in carelessness and stu-  
 • pidity, who is not alarmed at such a thought. Dr.  
 • *Sterlock*, in his excellent treatise upon *Death*, has  
 • represented, in very strong and lively colours, the  
 • state of the soul in its first separation from the body,  
 • with regard to that invisible world which every-  
 • where surrounds us, tho' we are not able to discov-  
 • er it through this grosser world of matter, which is  
 • accommodated to our senses in this life. His words  
 • are as follow.

• *That Death, which is our leaving this world, is*  
 • *nothing else but our putting off these bodies, teaches*  
 • *us, that it is only our union to these bodies, which in-*  
 • *tercepts the sight of the other world: The other world*  
 • *is not at such a distance from us, as we may imagine;*  
 • *the throne of God indeed is at a great remove from*  
 • *this earth, above the third heaven, where he dis-*  
 • *plays his glory to those blessed spirits which encompass*  
 • *his*

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his throne; but as soon as we step out of these bodies, we step into the other world, which is not so properly another world, (for there is the same heaven and earth still) as a new state of life. To live in these bodies is to live in this world, to live out of them is to remove into the next: For while our souls are confined to these bodies, and can look only thro' these material casements, nothing but what is material can affect us; nay, nothing but what is so gross, that it can reflect light, and convey the shapes and colours of things with it to the eye: So that though within this visible world, there be a more glorious scene of things than what appears to us, we perceive nothing at all of it; for this veil of flesh parts the visible and invisible world: But when we put off these bodies, there are new and surprising wonders present themselves to our views; when these material spectacles are taken off, the soul with its own naked eyes, sees what was invisible before: And then we are in the other world, when we can see it, and converse with it: Thus St. Paul tells us, that when we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord; but when we are absent from the body, we are present with the Lord; 2 Cor. v. 6, 8. And methinks this is enough to cure us of our fondness for these bodies, unless we think it more desirable to be confined to a prison, and look through a grate all our lives, which gives us but a very narrow prospect, and that none of the best neither, than to be set at liberty to view all the glories of the world. What would we give now for the least glimpse  
of

that invisible world, which the first step we take out of these bodies will present us with ? There are such things as eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive : Death opens our eyes, enlarges our prospects, presents us with a new and more glorious world, which we can never see while we are shut up in flesh ; which should make us as willing to part with this veil, as to take the film off our eyes, which hinders our sight.

As a thinking man cannot but be very much affected with the idea of his appearing in the presence of that Being whom none can see and live ; he must be much more affected when he considers that this Being whom he appears before, will examine all the actions of his past life, and reward or punish him accordingly. I must confess that I think there is no scheme of religion, besides that of Christianity, which can possibly support the most virtuous person under this thought. Let a man's innocence be what it will, let his virtues rise to the highest pitch of perfection attainable in this life, there will be still in him so many secret sins, so many human frailties, so many offences of ignorance, passion and prejudice, so many unguarded words and thoughts, and in short, so many defects in his best actions, that, without the advantages of such an expiation and atonement as Christianity has revealed to us, it is impossible that he should be cleared before his Sovereign Judge, or that he should be able

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be able to stand in his fight. Our holy religion suggests to us the only means whereby our guilt may be taken away, and our imperfect obedience accepted.

It is this series of thought that I have endeavoured to express in the following hymn, which I have composed during my sickness.

I.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker face to face,  
O how shall I appear!

II.

If yet, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought;

III.

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
O how shall I appear!

IV.

But thou hast told the troubled mind,  
Who does her sins lament,  
The timely tribute of her tears  
Shall endless woes prevent.

V.

Then see the sorrow of my heart,  
Ere yet it be too late;



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*And hear my Saviour's dying groans,  
To give these sorrows weight.*

VI.

*For never shall my soul despair  
Her pardon to procure,  
Who knows thy only Son has dy'd  
To make her pardon sure.*

• There is a noble hymn in *French*, which Monsieur *Bayle* has celebrated for a very *sine one*, and  
• which the famous author of the *art of speaking* calls  
• an *admirable one*, that turns upon a thought of the  
• same nature. If I could have done it justice in  
• *English*, I would have sent it you translated; it was  
• written by Monsieur *Des Barreaux*, who had been  
• one of the greatest wits and libertines in *France*,  
• but in his last years was as remarkable a penitent.

**G**RAND Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplis d'équité;  
Toujours tu prens plaisir à nous être propice.  
Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté  
Ne te pardonnera, sans choquer ta justice.  
Oui, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impiété  
Ne laisse à ton pouvoir que le choix du supplice:  
Ton intérêt s'oppose à ma félicité:  
Et ta clemence même attend que je périsse.  
Contente ton desir, puis qu'il t'est glorieux;  
Offense-toy des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux;  
Tonne, frappe, il est tems, rends-moi guerre pour guerre;  
J'adore en périssant la raison qui t'aigrît.

Mais

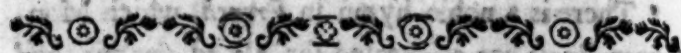
*Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre,  
Qui ne soit tout convert du sang de JESUS CHRIST.*

• If these thoughts may be serviceable to you, I  
• desire you will place them in a proper light, and am  
• ever with great sincerity,

SIR,

O

Yours, &c.



N<sup>o</sup>. 201. Saturday, October 20.



*Religientem esse oportet, religiosum nefas.*

*Incerti Autoris apud Ant. Gell.*

*A man should be religious, not superstitious.*

**I**T is of the last importance to season the passions of a child with *Devotion*, which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it. Though it may seem extinguished for a while by the cares of the world, the heats of youth, or the allurements of vice, it generally breaks out and discovers itself again as soon as discretion, consideration, age, or misfortunes have brought the man to himself. The fire may be covered and overlaid, but cannot be entirely quenched and smothered.

A state of temperance, sobriety, and justice, without *Devotion*, is a cold, lifeless, insipid condition of virtue; and is rather to be stiled philosophy than religion.

gion. *Devotion* opens the mind to great conceptions, and fills it with more sublime ideas than any that are to be met with in the most exalted science; and at the same time warms and agitates the soul more than sensual pleasure.

It has been observed by some writers, that man is more distinguished from the animal world by *Devotion* than by reason, as several brute creatures discover in their actions something like a faint glimmering of reason, though they betray in no single circumstance of their behaviour any thing that bears the least affinity to *Devotion*. It is certain, the propensity of the mind to *religious worship*, the natural tendency of the soul to fly to some superior Being for succour in danger and distress, the gratitude to an invisible superintendent which arises in us upon receiving any extraordinary and unexpected good fortune, the act of love and admiration with which the thoughts of man are so wonderfully transported in meditating upon the divine perfections, and the universal concurrence of all the nations under heaven in the great article of *adoration*, plainly shew that *Devotion* or religious worship must be the effect of tradition from some first founder of mankind, or that it is conformable to the natural light of reason, or that it proceeds from an instinct implanted in the soul itself. For my part, I look upon all these to be the concurrent causes: but which ever of them shall be assigned as the principle of *divine worship*, it manifestly points to a Supreme Being as the first author of it.

I may take some other opportunity of considering those particular forms and methods of *Devotion* which are taught us by Christianity; but shall here observe into what error this divine principle may sometimes lead us, when it is not moderated by that right reason which was given us as the guide of all our actions.

The two great errors into which a mistaken *Devotion* may betray us, are enthusiasm and superstition.

There is not a more melancholy object than a man who has his head turned with religious enthusiasm. A person that is crazed, tho' with pride or malice, is a sight very mortifying to human nature; but when the distemper arises from any indiscreet fervours of *Devotion*, or too intense an application of the mind to its mistaken duties, it deserves our compassion in a more particular manner. We may however learn this lesson from it, that since *Devotion* itself (which one would be apt to think could not be too warm) may disorder the mind, unless its heats are tempered with caution and prudence, we should be particularly careful to keep our reason as cool as possible, and to guard ourselves in all parts of life against the influence of passion, imagination, and constitution.

*Devotion*, when it does not lie under the check of reason, is very apt to degenerate into enthusiasm. When the mind finds herself very much inflamed with her *Devotions*, she is too much inclined to think they are not of her own kindling, but blown up by something divine within her. If she indulges this thought

too far



too far, and humours the growing passion, she at last flings herself into imaginary raptures and ecstasies; and when once she fancies herself under the influence of a divine impulse, it is no wonder if she slights human ordinances, and refuses to comply with any established form of religion, as thinking herself directed by a much superior guide.

As enthusiasm is a kind of excess in *Devotion*, superstition is the excess not only of *Devotion*, but of religion in general, according to an old heathen saying, quoted by *Aulus Gellius*, *religientem esse oportet, religiosum nefas*; a man should be religious, not superstitious; for as the author tells us, *Nigidius* observed upon this passage, that the *Latin* words which terminate in *osus* generally imply vicious characters, and the having of any quality to an excess.

An enthusiast in religion is like an obstinate clown, a superstitious man like an insipid courtier. Enthusiasm has something in it of madness, superstition of folly. Most of the sects that fall short of the church of *England* have in them strong tinctures of enthusiasm, as the *Roman* catholick religion is one huge overgrown body of childish and idle superstitions.

The *Roman* catholick church seems indeed irrecoverably lost in this particular. If an absurd dress or behaviour be introduced in the world, it will soon be found out and discarded: on the contrary, a habit or ceremony, tho' never so ridiculous, which has taken sanctuary in the church, sticks in it for ever. A *Gothic* bishop, perhaps, thought it proper to repeat such a

form in such particular shoes or slippers; another fancied it would be very decent if such a part of public *Devotions* were performed with a mitre on his head, and a crozier in his hand: To this a brother *Vandal*, as wise as the other, adds an antic dress, which he conceived would allude very aptly to such and such mysteries, till by degrees the whole office has degenerated into an empty show.

Their successors see the vanity and inconvenience of these ceremonies; but instead of reforming, perhaps add others, which they think more significant, and which take possession in the same manner, and are never to be driven out after they have once been admitted. I have seen the Pope officiate at St. Peter's, where, for two hours together, he was busied in putting on or off his different accoutrements, according to the different parts he was to act in them.

Nothing is so glorious in the eyes of mankind, and ornamental to human nature, setting aside the infinite advantages which arise from it, as a strong, steady, masculine *piety*; but enthusiasm and superstition are the weaknesses of human reason, which expose us to the scorn and derision of infidels, and sink us even below the *beasts that perish*.

Idolatry may be looked upon as another error arising from mistaken *Devotion*; but because reflections on that subject would be of no use to an English reader I shall not enlarge upon it. L



No. 207. Saturday, October 27.



*Omnibus in terris, quæ sunt à gadibus usque  
Auroram Et Gangem, pauci dignoscere possunt  
Vera bona, atque illis multàm diversa, remotâ  
Erroris nebulâ----* Juv. Sat. 10. v. 1.

*Look round the habitable world, how few  
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue,*  
DRYDEN.

**I**N my \* last Saturday's paper I laid down some thoughts upon *Devotion* in general, and shall here shew what were the notions of the most refined heathens on this subject, as they are represented in *Plato's* dialogue upon prayer, entitled *Alcibiades the second*, which doubtless gave occasion to *Juvenal's* tenth satire, and to the second satire of *Perfius*; as the last of these authors has almost transcribed the preceding dialogue, entitled *Alcibiades the first*, in his fourth satire.

The speakers in this dialogue upon prayer, are *Socrates* and *Alcibiades*; and the substance of it (when drawn together out of the intricacies and digressions) as follows.

*Socrates* meeting his pupil *Alcibiades*, as he was going to his *Devotions*, and observing his eyes to be fixed upon the earth with great seriousness and attention, tells him

tells him, that he had reason to be thoughtful on that occasion, since it was possible for a man to bring down evils upon himself by his own prayers, and that those things, which the Gods send him in answer to his petitions, might turn to his destruction: This, says he, may not only happen when a man prays for what he knows is mischievous in its own nature, as *Oedipus* implored the Gods to sow dissension between his sons; but when he prays for what he believes would be for his good, and against what he believes would be to his detriment. This the philosopher shews must necessarily happen among us, since most men are blinded with ignorance, prejudice, or passion, which hinder them from seeing such things as are really beneficial to them. For an instance, he asks *Alcibiades*, whether he would not be thoroughly pleased and satisfied if that God, to whom he was going to address himself, should promise to make him the sovereign of the whole earth? *Alcibiades* answers, that he should doubtless look upon such a promise as the greatest favour that could be bestowed upon him. *Socrates* then asks him, if after receiving this great favour he would be content to lose his life? or if he would receive it though he was sure he should make an ill use of it? To both which questions *Alcibiades* answers in the negative. *Socrates* then shews him, from the examples of others, how these might very probably be the effects of such a blessing. He then adds, that other reputed pieces of good fortune, as that of having a son, or procuring the highest post in a government, are subject to the like



like fatal consequences; which nevertheless, says he, men ardently desire, and would not fail to pray for, if they thought their prayers might be effectual for the obtaining of them.

Having established this great point, that all the most apparent blessings in this life are obnoxious to such dreadful consequences, and that no man knows what in its events would prove to him a blessing or a curse, he teaches *Alcibiades* after what manner he ought to pray.

In the first place, he recommends to him, as the model of his *Devotions*, a short prayer, which a *Greek* poet composed for the use of his friends, in the following words: O Jupiter, give us those things which are good for us, whether they are such things as we pray for, or such things as we do not pray for: and remove from us those things which are hurtful, though they are such things as we pray for.

In the second place, that his disciple may ask such things as are expedient for him, he shews him, that it is absolutely necessary to apply himself to the study of true wisdom, and to the knowledge of that which is his chief good, and the most suitable to the excellency of his nature.

In the third and last place he informs him, that the best method he could make use of to draw down blessings upon himself, and to render his prayers acceptable, would be to live in a constant practice of his duty towards the gods, and towards men. Under this head he very much recommends a form of prayer the *Lacedemonians*

*Lacedemonians* make use of, in which they petition the gods, to give them all good things so long as they are virtuous. Under this head likewise he gives a very remarkable account of an oracle to the following purpose.

When the *Athenians* in the war with the *Lacedemonians* received many defeats both by sea and land, they sent a message to the oracle of *Jupiter Ammon*, to ask the reason why they who erected so many temples to the gods, and adorned them with such costly offerings; why they who had instituted so many festivals, and accompanied them with such pomps and ceremonies; in short, why they who had slain so many hecatombs at their altars, should be less successful than the *Lacedemonians*, who fell so short of them in all these particulars. To this, says he, the oracle made the following reply; *I am better pleased with the prayers of the Lacedemonians, than with all the oblations of the Greeks.* As this prayer implied and encouraged virtue in those who made it, the philosopher proceeds to shew how the most vicious men might be devout, so far as victims could make him, but that his offerings were regarded by the gods as bribes, and his petitions as blasphemies. He likewise quotes on this occasion two verses out of *Homer*, in which the poet says, that the scent of the *Trojan* sacrifices was carried up to heaven by the winds; but that it was not acceptable to the gods, who were displeased with *Priam* and all his people.

The conclusion of this dialogue is very remarkable.

*Socrates*

*Socrates* having deterred *Alcibiades* from the prayers and sacrifice which he was going to offer, by setting forth the above-mentioned difficulties of performing that duty as he ought, adds these words, *we must therefore wait till such time as we may learn how we ought to behave ourselves towards the gods, and towards men.*

But when will that time come, says *Alcibiades*, and who is it that will instruct us? For I would fain see this man, whoever he is. It is one, says *Socrates*, who takes care of you; but as *Homer* tells us, that *Minerva* removed the mist from *Diomedes* his eyes, that he might plainly discover both gods and men; so the darkness that hangs upon your mind must be removed before you are able to discern what is good and what is evil. Let him remove from my mind, says *Alcibiades*, the darkness, and what else he pleases, I am determined to refuse nothing he shall order me, whoever he is, so that I may become the better man by it. The remaining part of this dialogue is very obscure: there is something in it that would make us think *Socrates* hinted at himself, when he spoke of this Divine Teacher who was to come into the world, did not he own that he himself was in this respect as much at a loss, and in as great distress as the rest of mankind.

Some learned men look upon this conclusion as a prediction of our Saviour, or at least that *Socrates*, like the high-priest, prophesied unknowingly, and pointed at that Divine Teacher who was to come into the world some ages after him. However that may be, we find that this great philosopher saw, by the

light of reason, that it was suitable to the goodness of the Divine nature, to send a person into the world who should instruct mankind in the duties of religion, and, in particular, teach them how to pray.

Whoever reads this abstract of *Plato's* discourse on prayer, will, I believe, naturally make this reflection, that the great Founder of our religion, as well by his own example, as in the form of prayer which He taught his disciples, did not only keep up to those rules which the light of nature had suggested to this great philosopher, but instructed his disciples in the whole extent of this duty, as well as of all others. He directed them to the proper object of adoration, and taught them, according to the third rule above-mentioned, to apply themselves to him in their closets, without shew or ostentation, and to worship him in *spirit and in truth*. As the *Lacedemonians* in their form of prayer implored the gods in general to give them all good things so long as they were virtuous, we ask in particular *that our offences may be forgiven, as we forgive those of others*. If we look into the second rule which *Socrates* has prescribed, namely, that we should apply ourselves to the knowledge of such things as are best for us, this too is explained at large in the doctrines of the gospel, where we are taught in several instances to regard those things as curses, which appear as blessings in the eye of the world; and on the contrary, to esteem those things as blessings, which to the generality of mankind appear as curses. Thus in the form which is prescribed to us we only pray for that happiness

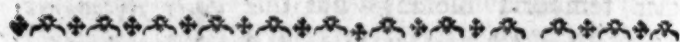


happinefs which is our chief good, and the great end of our exiftence, when we petition the Supreme Being for the *coming of his kingdom*, being follicitous for no other temporal bleffings but our *daily fuftenance*. On the other fide, we pray againft nothing but fin, and againft *evil* in general, leaving it with Omnifcience to determine what is really fuch. If we look into the firft of *Socrates* his rules of prayer, in which he recommends the above mentioned form of the ancient poet, we find that form not only comprehended but very much improved in the petition, wherein we pray to the Supreme Being that *his will may be done*: which is of the fame force with that form which our Saviour ufed, when he prayed againft the moft painful and ignominious of deaths. *Nevertheless not my will but thine be done*. This comprehensive petition is the moft humble as well as the moft prudent, that can be offered up from the creature to his Creator, as it fupposes that the Supreme Being wills nothing but what is for our good, and that he knows better than ourfelves what is fo.

L



N<sup>o</sup>. 225. Saturday, November 17.



*Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia.-----*

Juv. Sat. 10. v. 365.

*Prudence supplies the want of ev'ry God.*

I HAVE often thought if the minds of men were laid open, we should see but little difference between that of the wise man and that of the fool. There are infinite reveries, numberless extravagances, and a perpetual train of vanities which pass through both. The great difference is, that the first knows how to pick and cull his thoughts for conversation, by suppressing some, and communicating others; whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in words. This sort of *Discretion*, however, has no place in private conversation, between intimate friends. On such occasions the wisest men very often talk like the weakest; for indeed the talking with a friend is nothing else but *thinking aloud*.

*Tully* has therefore very justly exposed a precept delivered by some ancient writers, that a man should live with his enemy in such a manner, as might leave him room to become his friend; and with his friend in such a manner, that if he became his enemy, it should not be in his power to hurt him. The first part of this rule, which regards our behaviour to-  
wards

wards an enemy, is indeed very reasonable, as well as very prudential ; but the latter part of it, which regards our behaviour towards a friend, favours more of cunning than of *Discretion*, and would cut a man off from the greatest pleasures of life, which are the freedoms of conversation with a bosom friend. Besides that when a friend is turned into an enemy, and, (as the son of *Sirack* calls him) a *bevrayer of secrets*, the world is just enough to accuse the perfidiousness of the friend, rather than the *indiscretion* of the person who confided in him.

*Discretion* does not only shew itself in words, but in all the circumstances of action ; and is like an under-agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as *Discretion* ; it is this indeed which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them to work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence ; virtue itself looks like weakness ; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

Nor does *Discretion* only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other mens. The *discreet* man finds out the talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly, if we look into particular communities and divisions of men  
we may

we may observe that it is the *discreet* man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation, and gives measures to the society. A man with great talents, but void of *Discretion*, is like *Polyphemus* in the fable, strong and blind, endued with an irresistible force, which for want of sight is of no use to him.

Though a man has all other perfections, and wants *Discretion*, he would be of no great consequence in the world; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life.

At the same time I think *Discretion* the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. *Discretion* points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them: cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. *Discretion* has large and extended views, and, like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon: cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. *Discretion*, the more it is discovered, gives the greater authority to the person who possesses it: cunning, when it is once detected loses its force and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man. *Discretion* is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all



in all the duties of life ; cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. *Discretion* is only found in men of strong sense and good understanding : cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimick of *Discretion*, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.

The cast of mind which is natural to a *discreet* man makes him look forward into futurity, and consider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at present. He knows that the misery of happiness which are reserved for him in another world, lose nothing of the reality by being placed at so great a distance from him. The objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that those pleasures and pains which lie hid in eternity, approach nearer to him every moment, and will be present with him in their full weight and measure, as much as those pains and pleasures which he feels at this very instant. For this reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper happiness of his nature, and the ultimate design of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and considers the most distant as well as the most immediate effects of it. He supercedes every little prospect of gain and advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality, his  
scheme

schemes are large and glorious, and his conduct suitable to one who knows his true interest, and how to pursue it by proper methods.

I have, in this essay upon *Discretion*, considered it both as an accomplishment and as a virtue, and have therefore described it in its full extent; not only as it is conversant about worldly affairs, but as it regards our whole existence; not only as it is the guide of a mortal creature, but as it is in general the director of a reasonable being. It is in this light that *Discretion* is represented by the wise man, who sometimes mentions it under the name of *Discretion*, and sometimes under that of wisdom. It is indeed (as described in the latter part of this paper) the greatest wisdom, but at the same time in the power of every one to attain. Its advantages are infinite, but its acquisition easy; or to speak of her in the words of the apocryphal writer whom I quoted in my last *Saturday's* paper; *Wisdom is glorious, and never fadeth away, yet she is easily seen of them that love her, and found of such as seek her. She preventeth them that desire her, in making herself first known unto them. He that seeketh her early, shall have no great travel: for he shall find her sitting at his doors. To think therefore upon her, is perfection of wisdom, and whose watcheth for her shall quickly be without care. For she goeth about seeking such as are worthy of her, sheweth herself favourably unto them in the ways, and meeteth them in every thought.* C

Thursday

No. 487. Thursday, September 18.

-----*Cum prostrata sopore*  
*Urget membra quies, & mens sine pondere ludit.*

Petr.

*While sleep oppresses the riv'd limbs, the mind*  
*Plays without weight, and wantons unconfin'd.*

THO' there are many authors, who have written on *Dreams*, they have generally considered them only as revelations of what has already happened in distant parts of the world, or as prefages of what is to happen in future periods of time.

I shall consider this subject in another light, as *Dreams* may give us some idea of the great excellency of an human soul, and some intimation of its independency on matter.

In the first place, our *Dreams* are great instances of that activity which is natural to the human soul, and which it is not in the power of sleep to deaden or abate. When the man appears tired and worn out with the labours of the day, this active part in his composition is still busied and unwearied. When the organs of sense want their due repose and necessary reparations, and the body is no longer able to keep pace with that spiritual substance to which it is united, the soul exerts herself in her several faculties, and continues

tinues in action till her partner is again qualified to bear her company. In this case *Dreams* look like the relaxations and amusements of the soul, when she is disincumbered of her machine, her sports and recreations, when she has laid her charge asleep.

In the second place, *Dreams* are an instance of that agility and perfection which is natural to the faculties of the mind, when they are disengaged from the body. The soul is clogged and retarded in her operations when she acts in conjunction with a companion that is so heavy and unwieldy in its motions. But in *Dreams* it is wonderful to observe with what a sprightliness and alacrity she exerts herself. The flow of speech make unpremeditated harangues, or converse readily in languages that they are but little acquainted with. The grave abound in pleasantries, the dull in repartees and points of wit. There is not a more painful action of the mind, than invention; yet in *Dreams* it works with that ease and activity that we are not sensible when the faculty is employed. For instance, I believe every one, some time or other, *dreams* that he is reading papers, books, or letters; in which case the invention prompts so readily, that the mind is imposed upon, and mistakes its own suggestions for the compositions of another.

I shall, under this head, quote a passage out of the *Religio Medici*, in which the ingenious author gives an account of himself in his dreaming and his waking thoughts. *We are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleep, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking*  
ing



ing of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleeps. At my nativity my ascendant was the watery sign of Scorpius: I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company; yet in one Dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof. Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my Dreams; and this time also would I choose for my devotions; but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awakened soul a confused and broken tale of that that has passed.---Thus it is observed that men sometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do speak and reason above themselves; for then the soul beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality.

We may likewise observe in the third place, that the passions affect the mind with greater strength when we are asleep, than when we are awake. Joy and sorrow give us more vigorous sensations of pain or pleasure at this time, than at any other. Devotion likewise, as the excellent author above-mentioned has hinted, is in a very particular manner heightened and inflamed, when it rises in the soul at a time that the body is thus laid at rest. Every man's experience will  
inform

inform him in this matter, tho' it is very probable, that this may happen differently in different constitutions. I shall conclude this head with the two following problems, which I shall leave to the solution of my reader. Supposing a man always happy in his *Dreams*, and miserable in his waking thoughts, and that his life was equally divided between them, whether would he be more happy or miserable? Were a man a king in his *Dreams*, and a beggar awake, and dreamt as consequentially, and in as continued unbroken schemes as he thinks when awake, whether he would be in reality a king or beggar, or rather whether he would not be both?

There is another circumstance, which methinks gives us a very high idea of the nature of the soul, in regard to what passes in *Dreams*: I mean that innumerable multitude and variety of ideas which then arise in her. Were that active watchful being only conscious of her own existence at such a time, what a painful solitude would her hours of sleep be? Were the soul sensible of her being alone in her sleeping moments, after the same manner that she is sensible of it while awake, the time would hang very heavy on her, as it often actually does when she *dreams* that she is in such solitude.

-----*Semperque relinqui*

*Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur*

*Ire viam*-----

Virg. *Æn.* 4. v. 466.

She

-----She seems alone  
 To wander in her sleep thro' ways unknown,  
 Guideless and dark.

DRYDEN,

But this observation I only make by the way. What I would here remark, is that wonderful power in the soul, of producing her own company on these occasions. She converses with numberless beings of her own creation, and is transported into ten thousand scenes of her own raising. She is herself the theatre, the actors, and the beholder. This puts me in mind of a saying which I am infinitely pleased with, and which *Plutarch* ascribes to *Heraclitus*, that all men, whilst they are awake, are in one common world; but that each of them, when he is asleep, is in a world of his own. The waking man is conversant in the world of nature; when he sleeps he retires to a private world that is particular to himself. There seems something in this consideration that intimates to us a natural grandeur and perfection in the soul, which is rather to be admired than explained.

I must not omit that argument for the excellency of the soul, which I have seen quoted out of *Tertullian*, namely, its power of divining in *Dreams*. That several such divinations have been made, none can question, who believes the holy writings, or who has but the least degree of a common historical faith; there being innumerable instances of this nature in several authors, both antient and modern, sacred and profane. Whether such dark presages, such visions of the night  
 proceed

proceed from any latent power in the soul, during this her state of abstraction, or from any communication with the Supreme Being, or from any operation of subordinate spirits, has been a great dispute among the learned; the matter of fact is, I think, incontestible, and has been looked upon as such by the greatest writers, who have never been suspected either of superstition or enthusiasm.

I do not suppose, that the soul in these instances is entirely loose and unfettered from the body; it is sufficient, if she is not so far sunk, and immersed in matter, nor intangled and perplexed in her operations, with such motions of blood and spirit, as when she actuates the machine in its waking hours. The corporeal union is slackened enough to give the mind more play. The soul seems gathered within herself, and recovers that spring which is broke and weakened when she operates more in concert with the body.

The speculations I have here made, if they are not arguments, are at least strong intimations, not only of the excellency of an human soul, but of its independence on the body; and if they do not prove, do at least confirm these two great points, which are established by many other reasons that are altogether unanswerable.





No. 505. Thursday, October 9.



*Non habeo denique nauci Marsum augurem,  
Non vicanos aruspices, non de circo astrologos,  
Non isiacos conjectores, non interpretes somnium :  
Non enim sunt ii, aut scientia, aut arte divini,  
Sed supersticiosi vates, impudentesque harioli,  
Aut inercis, aut insani, aut quibus egestas imperat :  
Qui sui questus causâ fidas suscitant sententias,  
Qui sibi semitam non sapiunt, alteri monstrant viam,  
Quibus divitias pollicentur, ab iis drachmam petunt :  
De divitiis deducant drachmam, reddant cætera.*

ENNIUS.

*Augurs and soothsayers, astrologers,  
Diviners, and interpreters of dreams,  
I ne'er consult, and heartily despise :  
Vain their pretence to more than human skill :  
For gain imaginary schemes they draw;  
Wand'ers themselves they guide another's steps,  
And for poor six-pence promise countless wealth :  
Let them, if they expect to be believed,  
Deduct the six-pence, and bestow the rest.*

THOSE who have maintained that men would be more miserable than beasts, where their hopes confined to this life only, among other considerations take notice that the latter are only afflicted with

with the anguish of the present evil, whereas the former are very often pained by the reflection on what is passed, and the fear of what is to come. This fear of any future difficulties or misfortunes is so natural to the mind, that were a man's sorrows and inquietudes summed up at the end of his life, it would generally be found that he had suffered more from the apprehensions of such evils as never happened to him, than from those evils which had really befallen him. To this we may add, that among those evils which befall us, there are many that have been more painful to us, in the prospect, than by their actual pressure.

This natural impatience to look into futurity, and to know what accidents may happen to us hereafter, has given birth to many ridiculous arts and inventions. Some found the prescience on the lines of a man's hand, others on the features of his face ; some on the signatures which nature has impressed on his body, and others on his own hand-writing : some read men's fortunes in the stars, as others have searched after them in the entrails of beasts, or the flights of birds. Men of the best sense have been touched more or less with these groundless horrors and presages of futurity, upon surveying the most indifferent works of nature. Can any thing be more surprising than to consider Cicero, who made the greatest figure at the bar, and in the senate of the *Roman* Common-wealth, and, at the same time, outshone all the philosophers of antiquity in his library and in his retirements, as busying himself in the college of augurs, and observing with a religious attention, af-

ter what manner the chickens pecked the several grains of corn which were thrown to them?

Notwithstanding these follies are pretty well worn out of the minds of the wise and learned in the present age, multitudes of weak and ignorant persons are still slaves to them. There are numberless arts of prediction among the vulgar, which are too trifling to enumerate; and infinite observations of days, numbers, voices, and figures, which are regarded by them as portents and prodigies. In short, every thing prophesies to the superstitious man; there is scarce a straw or rusty piece of iron that lies in his way by accident.

It is not to be conceived how many wizards, gipsies and cunning-men are dispersed thro' all the countries and market-towns of *Great-Britain*, not to mention the fortune-tellers and astrologers, who live very comfortably upon the curiosity of several well-disposed persons in the cities of *London* and *Westminster*.

Among the many pretended arts of divination there is none which so universally amuses as that by *Dreams*. I have indeed observed in a late speculation, that there have been sometimes, upon very extraordinary occasions, supernatural revelations, made to certain persons by this means; but as it is the chief business of this paper to root out popular errors, I must endeavour to expose the folly and superstition of those persons, who, in the common and ordinary course of life, lay any stress upon things of so uncertain, shadowy, and chimerical a nature. This I cannot do more effectively

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tually

tually than by the following letter, which is dated from a quarter of the town that has always been the habitation of some prophetick *Philomath*; it having been usual, time out of mind, for all such people as have lost their wits, to resort to that place either for their cure, or for their instruction.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Moorfields Oct. 4. 1712.*

HAVING long considered whether there be any trade wanting in this great city, after having surveyed very attentively all kinds of ranks and professions, I do not find in any quarter of the town an *Oneirocritick*, or in plain *English*, an interpreter of *Dreams*. For want of so useful a person, there are several good people who are very much puzzled in this particular, and *dream* a whole year together without being ever the wiser for it. I hope I am pretty well qualified for this office, having studied by candle-light all the rules of art, which have been laid down upon this subject. My great uncle by my wife's side was a *Scotch Highlander*, and second-sighted. I have four fingers and two thumbs upon one hand, and was born on the longest night of the year. My christian and fir-name begin and end with the same letters. I am lodged in *Moorfields*, in a house that for these fifty years has been always tenanted by a conjurer.

If you had been in company, so much as myself with



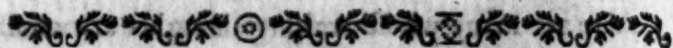
' with ordinary women of the town, you must know,  
 ' that there are many of them who every day of their  
 ' lives, upon seeing or hearing of any thing that is un-  
 ' expected, cry, *my Dream is out* ; and cannot go to  
 ' sleep in quiet the next night, till something or other  
 ' has happened which has expounded the visions of  
 ' the preceding one. There are others who are in  
 ' very great pain for not being able to recover the  
 ' circumstances of a *Dream*, that made strong impres-  
 ' sions upon them while it lasted. In short, Sir,  
 ' there are many whose waking thoughts are wholly  
 ' employed on their sleeping ones. For the benefit  
 ' therefore of this curious and inquisitive part of my  
 ' fellow-subjects, I shall in the first place tell those  
 ' persons what they *dreamt* of, who fancy they never  
 ' *dream* at all. In the next place, I shall make out  
 ' any *Dream*, upon hearing any single circumstance  
 ' of it ; and in the last place, shall expound to them  
 ' the good or bad fortune which such *Dreams* portend.  
 ' If they do not preface good luck, I shall desire no-  
 ' thing for my pains ; not questioning at the same time  
 ' that those who consult me will be so reasonable as  
 ' to afford me a moderate share out of any consider-  
 ' able estate, profit or emolument which I shall dis-  
 ' cover to them. I interpret to the poor for nothing,  
 ' on condition that their names may be inserted in  
 ' public advertisements, to attest the truth of such my  
 ' interpretations. As for people of quality or others  
 ' who are indisposed, and do not care to come in  
 ' person, I can interpret their *Dreams* by seeing their

‘ water. I set aside one day in the week for lovers ;  
 ‘ and interpret by the great for any gentle-woman  
 ‘ who is turned of sixty, after the rate of half a  
 ‘ crown *per* week, with the usual allowances for  
 ‘ good luck. I have several rooms and apart-  
 ‘ ments fitted up at reasonable rates, for such as have  
 ‘ not conveniencies for *dreaming* at their own houses.

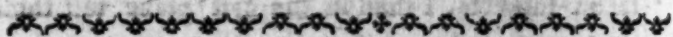
‘ *Titus Trophonius.*

N. B. I am not dumb.’

O



No. 97. Thursday, June 21.



*Projecere animas*----- Virg. *Æn.* 6. v. 436.

*They prodigally threw their souls away.*

**A**MONG the loose papers which I have frequently spoken of heretofore, I find a conversation between *Pharamond* and *Eucrate* upon the subject of *Duels*, and the copy of an edict issued in consequence of that discourse.

*Eucrate* argued, that nothing but the most severe and vindictive punishments, such as placing the bodies of the offenders in chains, and putting them to death by the most exquisite torments, would be sufficient to extirpate a crime which had so long prevailed and was so firmly fixed in the opinion of the world as  
 great

great and laudable ; but the king answered, that indeed instances of ignominy were necessary in the cure of this evil ; but considering that it prevailed only among such as had a nicety in their sense of honour, and that it often happened that a *Duel* was fought to save appearances to the world, when both parties were in their hearts in amity and reconciliation to each other ; it was evident, that turning the mode another way would effectually put a stop to what had being only as a mode. That to such persons, poverty and shame were torments sufficient : That he would not go further in punishing in others crimes which he was satisfied he himself was most guilty of, in that he might have prevented them by speaking his displeasure sooner. Besides which the king said, he was in general averse to tortures, which was putting human nature itself, rather than the criminal, to disgrace ; and that he would be sure not to use this means where the crime was but an ill effect arising from a laudable cause, the fear of shame. The king, at the same time, spoke with much grace upon the subject of mercy ; and repented of many acts of that kind which had a magnificent aspect in the doing, but dreadful consequences in the example. Mercy to particulars, he observed, was cruelty in the general : That though a prince could not revive a dead man by taking the life of him who killed him, neither could he make reparation to the next that should die by the evil example ; or answer to himself for the partiality, in not pardoning the next as well as the former offender. ‘ As for me,

says

‘ says *Pharamond*, I have conquered *France*, and yet  
 ‘ have given laws to my people : The laws are my  
 ‘ methods of life ; they are not a diminution but a  
 ‘ direction to my power. I am still absolute to distin-  
 ‘ guish the innocent and the virtuous, to give ho-  
 ‘ nours to the brave and generous : I am absolute in  
 ‘ my good-will ; none can oppose my bounty, or pre-  
 ‘ scribe rules for my favour. While I can, as I please,  
 ‘ reward the good, I am under no pain that I cannot  
 ‘ pardon the wicked : For which reason, continued  
 ‘ *Pharamond*, I will effectually put a stop to this evil,  
 ‘ by exposing no more the tenderness of my nature  
 ‘ to the importunity of having the same respect to  
 ‘ those who are miserable by their fault, and those  
 ‘ who are so by their misfortune. Flatterers (con-  
 ‘ cluded the king smiling) repeat to us princes, that  
 ‘ we are heaven’s viceregerents ; let us be so, and let  
 ‘ the only thing out of our power be *to do ill*.

‘ Soon after the evening wherein *Pharamond* and  
 ‘ *Eucrate* had this conversation, the following edict  
 ‘ was published.

*Pharamond’s Edict against Duels.*

*Pharamond King of the Gauls, to all his loving subjects  
 sendeth greeting.*

‘ **W**HEREAS it has come to our royal notice  
 ‘ and observation, that in the contempt of all  
 ‘ laws, divine and human, it is of late become a custom  
 ‘ among the nobility and gentry of this our king-  
 ‘ dom, upon slight and trivial, as well as great and  
 ‘ urgent



' urgent provocations to invite each other into the field,  
 ' there by their own hands, and of their own au-  
 ' thority, to decide their controversies by combat ;  
 ' we have thought fit to take the said custom into our  
 ' royal consideration, and find, upon inquiry into the  
 ' usual causes whereon such fatal decisions have arisen,  
 ' that by this wicked custom, \*maugre all the precepts  
 ' of our holy religion, and the rules of right reason,  
 ' the greatest act of the human mind, *forgiveness of*  
 ' *injuries*, is become vile and shameful ; that the rules  
 ' of good society and virtuous conversation are here-  
 ' by inverted ; that the loose, the vain, and the im-  
 ' pudent, insult the careful, the discreet, and the  
 ' modest ; that all virtue is suppressed, and all vice  
 ' supported, in the one act of being capable to dare  
 ' to the death. We have also further, with great  
 ' sorrow of mind, observed that this dreadful action,  
 ' by long impunity, (our royal attention being em-  
 ' ployed upon matters of more general concern) is  
 ' become honourable, and the refusal to engage in it  
 ' ignominious. In these our royal cares and enquiries  
 ' we are yet further made to understand, that the per-  
 ' sons of most eminent worth, and most hopeful abi-  
 ' lities, accompanied with the strongest passions for  
 ' true glory, are such as are most liable to be involv-  
 ' ed in the dangers arising from this licence. Now  
 ' taking the said premises into our serious consider-  
 ' ation, and well weighing that all such emergen-  
 ' cies (wherein the mind is capable of commanding  
 ' itself, and where the injury is too sudden or too ex-

\* in despite of.

' quite

to be borne) are particularly provided for by laws heretofore enacted; and that the qualities of less injuries, like those of ingratitude, are too nice and delicate to come under general rules; We do resolve to blot this fashion, or wantonness of anger, out of the minds of our subjects, by our royal resolutions declared in this edict as follow.

No person who either sends or accepts a challenge, or the posterity of either, tho' no death ensues thereupon, shall be, after the publication of this our edict, capable of bearing office in these our dominions.

The person who shall prove the sending or receiving a challenge, shall receive to his own use and property, the whole personal estate of both parties; and their real estate shall be immediately vested in the next heir of the offenders in as ample manner as if the said offenders were actually deceased.

In cases where the laws (which we have already granted to our subjects) admit of an appeal for blood; when the criminal is condemned by the said appeal, he shall not suffer death, but his whole estate real, mixed, and personal, shall from the hour of his death be vested in the next heir of the person whose blood he spilt.

That it shall not hereafter be in our royal power or that of our successors to pardon the said offences or restore the offenders in their estates, honour, or blood for ever.

*Given*

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Given at our Court at Blois, the 8th of February,  
420. in the second year of our reign.

No. 215. Tuesday November 6.

.....*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes*

*Emollit mores, nec finit esse feros.*

Ovid, Ep. 9. l. 2. de Ponto. v. 47.

*Ingenuous art, where they an entrance find,*

*Softens the manners, and subdues the mind.*

**I** Consider an human soul without *Education* like marble in the quarry; which shews none of its inherent beauties, 'till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that runs thro' the body of it: *Education*, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which without such helps are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of *Education*, which *Aristotle* has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the

Vol. I. in Black edition N. at Kensington for subdistr.

rubbish. The figure is in the stone, the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, *Education* is to an human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper *Education* might have dis-interred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in fullness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of action, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our *American* plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, tho' it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species? that we should not put them on the common foot of humanity, that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world as well as in this.



in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

Since I am engaged on this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a story which I have lately heard, and which is so well attested, that I have no manner of reason to suspect the truth of it. I may call it a kind of wild tragedy that passed about twelve years ago at *St. Christophers*, one of our *British* leeward islands. The negroes who were the persons concerned in it, were all of them the slaves of a gentleman who is now in *England*.

This gentleman among his negroes had a young woman, who was looked upon as a most extraordinary beauty by those of her own complexion. He had at the same time two young fellows who were likewise negroes and slaves; remarkable for the comeliness of their persons, and for the friendship which they bore one another. It unfortunately happened that both of them fell in love with the female negroe above-mentioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her husband, provided they could agree between themselves, which should be the man. But they were both so passionately in love with her that neither of them could think of giving her up to his rival; and at the same time were so true to one another, that neither of them would think of gaining her without his friend's consent. The torments of these two lovers were the discourse of the family to which they belonged, who could not forbear observing the strange complication of passions which perplexed

the hearts of the poor negroes, that often dropped expressions of the uneasiness they underwent, and how impossible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

After a long struggle between love and friendship, truth and jealousy, they one day took a walk together into a wood, carrying their mistress along with them. Where, after abundance of lamentations, they stabbed her to the heart, of which she immediately died. A slave, who was at his work not far from the place where this astonishing piece of cruelty was committed, hearing the shrieks of the dying person, ran to see what was the occasion of them. He there discovered the woman lying dead upon the ground, with the two negroes on each side of her, kissing the dead corpse, weeping over it, and beating their breasts in the utmost agonies of grief and despair. He immediately ran to the *English* family with the news of what he had seen; who upon coming to the place saw the woman dead, and the two negroes expiring by her with wounds they had given themselves.

We see in this amazing instance of barbarity, what strange disorders are bred in the minds of those men whose passions are not regulated by virtue, and disciplined by reason. Tho' the action which I have related is in itself full of guilt and horror, it proceeded from a temper of mind which might have produced very noble fruits, had it been informed and guided by a suitable *Education*,

It is therefore an unspeakable blessing to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge

knowledge flourish; tho' it must be confessed, there are, even in these parts, several poor uninstructed persons, who are but a little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking; as those who have had the advantages of a more liberal Education, rise above one another by several different degrees of perfection. For to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough hewn, and but just sketched into an human figure; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features, sometimes we find the figure wrought up to a great elegance, but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a *Phidias* or *Praxiteles*, could not give several nice touches and finishings.

Discourses of morality, and reflections upon human nature, are the best means we can make use of to improve our minds, and gain a true knowledge of of ourselves, and consequently to recover our souls out of the vice, ignorance, and prejudice, which naturally cleave to them. I have all along profess myself in this paper a promoter of these great ends; and I flatter myself that I do from day to day contribute something to the polishing of mens minds: at least my design is laudable, what ever the execution may be. I must confess I am not a little encouraged in it by many letters which I receive from unknown hands in approbation of my endeavours; and must take this opportunity of returning my thanks to those who write them, and excusing myself for not inserting several of them

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them in my papers, which I am sensible would be a very great ornament to them. Should I publish the praises which are so well penned, they would do honour to those persons who write them, but my publishing of them would, I fear, be a sufficient instance to the world that I did not deserve them. C

No. 633. Wednesday, December 15.

*Omnia profecto, cum se à caelestibus rebus referet ad humanas, excelsius magnificentiusque & dicet & sentiet.*  
CICERO.

*The contemplation of celestial things will make a man both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently, when he descends to human affairs.*

THE following discourse is printed, as it came to my hands, without variation.

Cambridge, Dec. 11.

IT is a very common enquiry among the ancients why the number of excellent orators, under all the encouragements the most flourishing states could give them, fell so far short of the number of those who excelled in all other sciences. A Friend of mine used merrily to apply to this case an observation of Herodotus, who says, that the most useful animals



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animals are the most fruitful in their generation;  
 whereas the species of those beasts that are fierce  
 and mischievous to mankind are but scarcely con-  
 tinued. The historian instances in a hare, which  
 always either breeds or brings forth; and a lioness  
 which brings forth but once, and then loses all  
 power of conception. But, leaving my friend to his  
 mirth, I am of opinion, that in these latter ages we  
 have greater cause of complaint than the ancients  
 had. And since that solemn festival is approaching  
 which calls for all the power of oratory, and which  
 affords as noble a subject for the pulpit as any re-  
 velation has taught us, the design of this paper  
 shall be to show, that our moderns have greater ad-  
 vantages towards true and solid *Eloquence*, than any  
 which the celebrated speakers of antiquity enjoyed.  
 The first great and substantial difference is, that  
 their common-places, in which almost the whole  
 force of amplification consists, were drawn from  
 the profit or honesty of the action, as they regard  
 only this present state of duration. But Christianity,  
 as it exalts morality to a greater perfection, as it  
 brings the consideration of another life into the  
 question, as it proposes rewards and punishments  
 of a higher nature, and a longer continuance, is  
 more adapted to affect the minds of the audience,  
 naturally inclined to pursue what it imagines its  
 greatest interest and concern. If *Pericles*, as his-  
 torians report, could make the firmest resolutions  
 of his hearers, and set the passions of all Greece in a  
 ferment

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\* ferment, when the present welfare of his country  
 \* or the fear of hostile invasions, was the subject:  
 \* What may be expected from that orator, who warns  
 \* his audience against those evils which have no re-  
 \* medy, when once undergone, either from prudence  
 \* or time? As much greater as the evils in a future  
 \* state are than these at present, so much are the  
 \* motives to persuasion under Christianity greater than  
 \* those which meer moral considerations could sup-  
 \* ply us with. But what I now mention relates only  
 \* to the power of moving the affections. There is  
 \* another part of *Eloquence*, which is indeed its  
 \* master-piece; I mean the marvellous or sublime,  
 \* In this the Christian orator has the advantage beyond  
 \* contradiction. Our ideas are so infinitely enlarged  
 \* by revelation, the eye of reason has so wide a prof-  
 \* spect into eternity, the notions of a Deity are so worthy  
 \* and refined, and the accounts we have of a state of  
 \* happiness or misery so clear and evident, that the  
 \* contemplation of such objects will give our dis-  
 \* course a noble vigour, an invincible force, beyond  
 \* the power of any human consideration. Tully  
 \* requires in his perfect orator some skill in the nature  
 \* of heavenly bodies, *because*, says he, *his mind*  
 \* *will become more extensive and unconfined; and*  
 \* *when he descends to treat of human affairs, he will*  
 \* *both think and write in a more exalted and magni-*  
 \* *ficent manner.* For the same reason that excel-  
 \* lent master would have recommended the study of  
 \* those

of those great and glorious mysteries which revelation has discovered to us ; to which the noblest parts of this system of the world are as much inferior, as the creature is less excellent than its Creator. The wisest and most knowing among the heathens had very poor and imperfect notions of a future state. They had indeed some uncertain hopes, either received by tradition, or gathered by reason, that the existence of virtuous men would not be determined by the separation of soul and body : But they either disbelieved a future state of punishment and misery ; or, upon the same account that *Apelles* painted *Antigonus* with one side only towards the spectator, that the loss of his eye might not cast a blemish upon the whole piece, so these represented the condition of man in its fairest view, and endeavoured to conceal what they thought was a deformity to human nature. I have often observed, that whenever the above-mentioned orator, in his philosophical discourses is led by his argument to the mention of immortality, he seems like one awaked out of sleep : roused and alarmed with the dignity of the subject, he stretches his imagination to perceive something uncommon, and, with the greatness of his thoughts, casts, as it were, a glory round the sentence. Uncertain and unsettled as he was, he seems fired with the contemplation of it. And nothing but such a glorious prospect could have forced so great a lover of truth, as he was, to declare his resolution never to part with his persuasion

• sion of immortality, though it should be proved to  
 • be an erroneous one. But had he lived to see all  
 • that Christianity has brought to light, how would  
 • he have lavished out all the force of *Eloquence* in  
 • those noblest contemplations which human nature is  
 • capable of, the resurrection and the judgment that  
 • follows it? How had his breast glowed with plea-  
 • sure, when the whole compass of futurity lay open  
 • and exposed to his view? How would his imagi-  
 • nation have hurried him on in the pursuit of the  
 • mysteries of the incarnation? How would he have  
 • entered, with the force of lightning, into the affec-  
 • tions of his hearers, and fixed their attention, in  
 • spite of all the opposition of corrupt nature, upon  
 • those glorious themes which his *Eloquence* hath pain-  
 • ted in such lively and lasting colours.

• • This advantage Christians have; and it was with  
 • no small pleasure I lately met with a fragment of  
 • *Longinus*, which is preserved, as a testimony of that  
 • critick's judgment, at the beginning of a manu-  
 • script of the New Testament in the *Vatican* library.  
 • After that author has numbered up the most cele-  
 • brated orators among the *Grecians*, he says, *Add to*  
 • *these Paul of Tarsus, the patron of an opinion not*  
 • *yet fully proved.* As a heathen, he condemns the  
 • Christian religion; and, as an impartial critick, he  
 • judges in favour of the promoter and preacher of it.  
 • To me it seems that the latter part of his judg-  
 • ment adds great weight to his opinion of *St. Paul's*  
 • abilities, since, under all the prejudice of opinions  
 • directly



directly opposite, he is constrained to acknowledge  
 the merit of the apostle; and no doubt,  
 such as *Longinus* describes *St. Paul*, such he  
 appeared to the inhabitants of those countries  
 which he visited and blessed with those doctrines he  
 was divinely commissioned to preach. Sacred story  
 gives us, in one circumstance, a convincing proof  
 of his *Eloquence*, when the men of *Lystra* called him  
*Mercury*, because he was the chief speaker, and  
 would have paid divine worship to him, as to the  
 God who invented and presided over *Eloquence*.  
 This one account of our apostle sets his character,  
 considered as an orator only, above all the celebra-  
 ted relations of the skill and influence of *Demosthenes*  
 and his contemporaries. Their power in speaking  
 was admired, but still it was thought human: Their  
*Eloquence* warmed and ravished their hearers; but  
 still it was thought the voice of man, not the voice  
 of God. What advantage than had *St. Paul*  
 above those of *Greece* or *Rome*? I confess I can ascribe  
 this excellence to nothing but the power of the  
 doctrines he delivered, which may have still the  
 same influence on the hearers; which have still the  
 power, when preached by a skilful orator, to make  
 us break out in the same expressions, as the disci-  
 ples, who met our Saviour in the way to *Emmaus*  
 made use of; Did not our hearts burn within us,  
 when he talked to us by the way, and while he open-  
 ed to us the scriptures? I may be thought bold in my  
 judgment by some; but I must affirm, that no one  
 orator

orator has left us so visible marks and footsteps of  
 his *Eloquence* as our apostle. It may perhaps be  
 wondered at, that in his reasonings upon idolatry  
 at *Athen*, where *Eloquence* was born and flourished,  
 he confines himself to strict argument only; but my  
 reader may remember, what many authors of the  
 best credit have assured us, that all attempts upon the  
 affections, and strokes of oratory, were expressly for-  
 bidden by the laws of that country, in the courts of  
 judicature. His want of *Eloquence* therefore here  
 was the effect of his exact conformity to the laws.  
 But his discourse on the resurrection to the *Corinthians*,  
 his harangue before *Agrippa* upon his own conver-  
 sion, and the necessity of that of others, are  
 truly great, and may serve as full examples to  
 these excellent rules for the sublime, which the best  
 of criticks has left us. The sum of all this dis-  
 course is, that our clergy have no farther to look  
 for an example of the perfection they may arrive  
 at, than to St. *Paul's* harangues; that when he, un-  
 der the several advantages of nature (as he himself  
 tells us) was heard, admired, and made a standard  
 to succeeding ages by the best judge of a different  
 persuasion in religion, I say, our clergy may learn,  
 that, however instructive their sermons are, they  
 are capable of receiving great addition; which St.  
*Paul* has given them a noble example of, and the  
 Christian Religion has furnished them with certain  
 means of attaining to.

No. 575. Monday, August 2.

-----*Nec mortis esse locum.*-----

Virg. Georg. 4. v. 226.

*No room is left for death.* DRYDEN.

A LEWD young fellow seeing an aged hermit go by him barefoot, *Father*, says he, *you are in a very miserable condition if there is not another world.* True, son, said the hermit; *but what is thy condition if there is?* Man is a creature designed for two different states of being, or rather, for two different lives. His first life is short and transient; his second permanent and lasting. The question we are all concerned in is this, In which of these two lives it is our chief interest to make ourselves happy? Or in other words, Whether we should endeavour to secure to ourselves the pleasures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and, at its utmost length, of a very inconsiderable duration; or to secure to ourselves the pleasures of a life which is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every man, upon the first hearing of this question, knows very well which side of it he ought to close with. But however right we are in theory, it is plain that in practice we adhere to the wrong side of the question. We make provision for this life as tho' it were never to have an end, and

for the other life as tho' it were never to have a beginning.

Should a spirit of superior rank, who is a stranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take a survey of its inhabitants; what would his notions of us be? Would not he think that we are a species of beings made for quite different ends and purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honours? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and station, and title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of *eternal* punishment, and enjoined to pursue our pleasures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a scheme of duties quite opposite to those which are indeed prescribed to us. And truly, according to such an imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creatures in the universe; that we are constant to our duty; and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent hither.

But how great would be his astonishment, when he learnt that we were beings not designed to exist in this world above threescore and ten years; and that the greatest part of this busy species fall short even of that age? How would he be lost in horror and admiration, when he should know that this set of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which scarce deserves the name of existence, when, I say, he should know that this set of creatures are to exist  
to all



to all *Eternity* in another life, for which they make no preparations? Nothing can be a greater disgrace to reason, than that men, who are persuaded of these two different states of being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threescore and ten years, and neglecting to make provision for that, which after many myriads of years will be still new, and still beginning; especially when we consider that our endeavours for making ourselves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our happiness in, may after all prove unsuccessful; whereas if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make ourselves happy in the other life, we are sure that our endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our hope.

The following question is started by one of the schoolmen. Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years. Supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method till there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after; or supposing that you might be happy for ever after, on consideration you would be miserable till the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated at the rate of one sand in a thousand years: Which of these two cases would you make your choice?

It must be confessed in this case, so many thousands  
of

of years are to the imagination as a kind of *Eternity*, tho' in reality they do not bear so great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as an unit does to the greatest number which you can put together in figures, or as one of those sands to the supposed heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any manner of hesitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reason might in such a case be so over-set by the imagination, as to dispose some persons to sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and of the great distance of that second duration, which is to succeed it. The mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will chuse to be happy for the space of only threescore and ten, nay perhaps of only twenty or ten years, I might say of only a day or an hour, and miserable to all *Eternity*; or, on the contrary, miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole *Eternity*: What words are sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which in such a case makes a wrong choice?

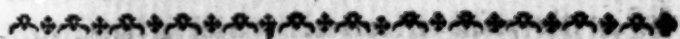
I here put the case even at the worst, by supposing (what seldom happens) that a course of virtue makes us miserable in this life: But if we suppose (as it generally happens) that virtue would make us more happy even in this life than a contrary course of vice; how can we sufficiently admire the stupidity or madness

ness of those persons who are capable of making so absurd a choice?

Every wise man therefore will consider this life only as it may conduce to the happiness of the other, and cheerfully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years to those of an *Eternity*.



No. 255. Saturday, December 22.



*Laudis amore tumes? sunt certa piacula, quæ te  
Ter purè lecto poterunt recreare libello.*

Hor. Ep. 1. l. 1. v. 36.

[IMITATED.]

*Know, there are rhymes, which (fresh and fresh apply'd)  
Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride.* POPE.

THE soul, considered abstractedly from its passions, is of a remiss and sedentary nature, slow in its resolves, and languishing in its executions. The use therefore of the passions is to stir it up, and to put it upon action, to awake the understanding, to enforce the will, and to make the whole man more vigorous and attentive in the prosecution of his designs. As this is the end of the passions in general, so it is particularly of *ambition*, which pushes the soul to such actions as are apt to procure honour and reputation to the actor. But if we carry our reflections higher, we may discover farther ends of Providence in implanting this passion in mankind.

It was necessary for the world, that art should be invented and improved, books written and transmitted to posterity, nations conquered and civilized: Now since the proper and genuine motives to these and the like great actions, would only influence virtuous minds; there would be but small improvements in the world, were there not some common principle of action working equally with all men. And such a principle is *ambition* or a desire of *Fame*, by which great endowments are not suffered to lie idle and useless to the publick, and many vicious men, overreached, as it were, and engaged contrary to their natural inclinations in a glorious and laudable course of action. For we may farther observe, that men of the greatest abilities are most fired with *ambition*: And that on the contrary, mean and narrow minds are the least actuated by it; whether it be that a man's sense of his own incapacities makes him despair of coming at *Fame*, or that he has not enough range of thought to look out for any good which does not more immediately relate to his interest or convenience, or that Providence, in the very frame of his soul, would not subject him to such a passion as would be useless to the world, and a torment to himself.

Were not this desire of *Fame* very strong, the difficulty of obtaining it, and the danger of losing it when obtained, would be sufficient to deter a man from so vain a pursuit.

How few are there who are furnished with abilities sufficient to recommend their actions to the admiration  
of



of the world, and to distinguish themselves from the rest of mankind? Providence for the most part sets us upon a level, and observes a kind of proportion in its dispensations towards us. If it renders us perfect in one accomplishment, it generally leaves us defective in another, and seems careful rather of preserving every person from being mean and deficient in his qualifications, than of making any single one eminent or extraordinary.

And among those who are the most richly endowed by nature, and accomplished by their own industry, how few are there whose virtues are not obscured by the ignorance, prejudice or envy of their beholders? Some men cannot discern between a noble and a mean action. Others are apt to attribute them to some false end or intention; and others purposely misrepresent or put a wrong interpretation on them.

But the more to enforce this consideration, we may observe that those are generally most unsuccessful in their pursuit after *Fame*, who are most desirous of obtaining it. It is *Salust's* remark upon *Cato*, that the less he coveted glory the more he acquired it.

Men take an ill-natured pleasure in crossing our inclinations, and disappointing us in what our hearts are most set upon. When therefore they have discovered the passionate desire of *Fame* in the ambitious man (as no temper of mind is more apt to shew itself) they become sparing and reserved in their commendations, they envy him the satisfaction of an applause, and look on their praises rather as a kindness done to

his person, than as a tribute paid to his merit. Others who are free from this natural perverseness of temper, grow wary in their praises of one, who sets too great a value on them, lest they should raise him too high in his own imagination, and by consequence remove him to a greater distance from themselves.

But farther, this desire of *Fame* naturally betrays the ambitious man into such indecencies as are a lessening to his reputation. He is still afraid lest any of his actions should be thrown away in private, lest his deserts should be concealed from the notice of the world, or receive any disadvantage from the reports which others make of them. This often sets him on empty boasts and ostentations of himself, and betrays him into vain fantastical recitals of his own performances: His discourse generally leads one way, and, whatever is the subject of it, tends obliquely either to the detracting from others, or to the extolling of himself. Vanity is the natural weakness of an ambitious man, which exposes him to the secret scorn and derision of those he converses with, and ruins the character he is industrious to advance by it. For tho' his actions are never so glorious, they lose their lustre when they are drawn at large, and set to shew by his own hand; and as the world is more apt to find fault than to commend, the boast will probably be censured when the great action that occasioned it is forgotten.

( Besides, this very desire of *Fame* is looked on as a meanness and imperfection in the greatest character. A solid and substantial greatness of soul looks down

with

with a generous neglect on the censures and applauses of the multitude, and places a man beyond the little noise and strife of tongues. Accordingly we find in ourselves a secret awe and veneration for the character of one who moves above us in a regular and illustrious course of virtues, without any regard to our good or ill opinions of him, to our reproaches or commendations. As, on the contrary, it is usual for us, when we would take off from the *Fame* and reputation of an action, to ascribe it to vain-glory, and a desire of *Fame* in the actor. Nor is this common judgment and opinion of mankind ill founded: for certainly it denotes no great bravery of mind, to be worked up to any noble action by so selfish a motive, and to do that out of a desire of *Fame* which we would not be prompted to by a disinterested love to mankind, or by a generous passion for the glory of Him that made us.

Thus is *Fame* a thing difficult to be obtained by all, but particularly by those who thirst after it, since most men have so much either of ill-nature, or of wariness, as not to gratify or sooth the vanity of the ambitious man, and since this very thirst after *Fame* naturally betrays him into such indecencies as are a lessening to his reputation, and is itself looked upon as a weakness in the greatest characters.

In the next place, *Fame* is easily lost, and as difficult to be preserved as it was at first to be acquired. But this I shall make the subject of a following paper.

C

Monday



N<sup>o</sup>. 256. Monday, December 24.



Θύμη γάρ τε κακὴ τί ληται· νέφθῃ μὲν αἰετοῖσι  
 Ρεῖα μάλ', ἀργαλέῃ δὲ φέρειν ----- Hef.

*Desire of Fame by various ways is cross,  
 Hard to be gain'd, and easy to be lost.*

**T**HERE are many passions and tempers of mind which naturally dispose us to depress and vilify the merit of one rising in the esteem of mankind. All those who made their entrance into the world with the same advantages, and were once looked on as his equals, are apt to think the *Fame* of his merits a reflection on their own indeferts; and will therefore take care to reproach him with the scandal of some past action, or derogate from the worth of the present, that they may still keep him on the same level with themselves. The like kind of consideration often stirs up the envy of such as were once his superiors, who think it a detraction from their merit to see another get ground upon them and overtake them in the pursuits of glory; and will therefore endeavour to sink his reputation, that they may the better preserve their own. Those who were once his equals envy and defame him, because they now see him their superior; and those who were once his superiors, because they look upon him as their equal.

But



But farther, a man whose extraordinary reputation thus lifts him up to the notice and observation of mankind, draws a multitude of eyes upon him that will narrowly inspect every part of him, consider him nicely in all views, and not be a little pleased when they have taken him in the worst and most disadvantageous light. There are many who find a pleasure in contradicting the common reports of *Fame*, and in spreading abroad the weakneses of an exalted character. They publish their ill-natured discoveries with a secret pride, and applaud themselves for the singularity of their judgment which has searched deeper than others, detected what the rest of the world have overlooked, and found a flaw in what the generality of mankind admires. Others there are who proclaim the errors and infirmities of a great man with an inward satisfaction and complecency, if they discover none of the like errors and infirmities in themselves; for while they are exposing another's weakneses, they are tacitly aiming at their own commendations, who are not subject to the like infirmities, and are apt to be transported with a secret kind of vanity to see themselves superior in some respects to one of a sublime and celebrated reputation. Nay, it very often happens, that none are more industrious in publishing the blemishes of an extraordinary reputation, than such as lie open to the same censures in their own characters, as either hoping to excuse their defects by the authority of so high an example, or raising an imaginary applause to themselves

selves for resembling a person of an exalted reputation, though in the blameable parts of his character. If all these secret springs of detraction fail, yet very often a vain ostentation of wit sets a man on attacking an established name, and sacrificing it to the mirth and laughter of those about him. A satire or a libel on one of the common stamp, never meets with that reception and approbation among its readers, as what is aimed at a person whose merit places him upon an eminence, and gives him a more conspicuous figure among men. Whether it be that we think it shews greater art to expose and turn to ridicule a man whose character seems so improper a subject for it, or that we are pleased by some implicit kind of revenge to see him taken down and humbled in his reputation, and in some measure reduced to our own rank, who had so far raised himself above us in the reports and opinions of mankind.

Thus we see how many dark and intricate motives there are to detraction and defamation, and how many malicious spies are searching into the actions of a great man, who is not always the best prepared for so narrow an inspection. For we may generally observe, that our admiration of a famous man lessens upon our nearer acquaintance with him; and that we seldom hear the description of a celebrated person, without a catalogue of some notorious weaknesses and infirmities. The reason may be, because any little slip is more conspicuous and observable in his conduct than in another's, as it is not of a piece with the rest of his character,

character, or because it is impossible for a man at the same time to be attentive to the more important part of his life, and to keep a watchful eye over all the inconsiderable circumstances of his behaviour and conversation; or because, as we have before observed, the same temper of mind which inclines us to a desire of *Fame*, naturally Detrays us into such slips and unwarinesses as are not incident to men of a contrary disposition.

After all it must be confessed, that a noble and triumphant merit often breaks through and dissipates these little spots and sullies in its reputation; but if by a mistaken pursuit after *Fame*, or through human infirmity, any false step be made in the more momentous concerns of life, the whole scheme of *ambitious* designs is broken and disappointed. The smaller stains and blemishes may die away and disappear amidst the brightness that surrounds them; but a blot of a deeper nature casts a shade on all the other beauties, and darkens the whole character. How difficult therefore is it to preserve a good name, when he that has acquired it is so obnoxious to such little weaknesses and infirmities as are no small diminution to it when discovered, especially when they are so industriously proclaimed, and aggravated by such as were once his superiors or equals; by such as would set to shew their judgment or their wit, and by such as are guilty or innocent of the same slips or misconducts in their own behaviour?

But were there none of these dispositions in others

to censure a famous man, nor any such miscarriages in himself, yet would he meet with no small trouble in keeping up his reputation in all its height and splendor. There must be always a noble train of actions to preserve his *Fame* in life and motion. For when it is once at a stand, it naturally flags and languishes. Admiration is a very short-lived passion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its object, unless it be still fed with fresh discoveries, and kept alive by a new perpetual succession of miracles rising up to its view. And even the greatest actions of a celebrated person labour under this disadvantage, that however surprising and extraordinary they may be, they are no more than what are expected from him; but on the contrary, if they fall any thing below the opinion that is conceived of him, tho' they might raise the reputation of another, they are a diminution to *his*.

One would think there should be something wonderfully pleasing in the possession of *Fame*, that, notwithstanding all these mortifying considerations, can engage a man in so desperate a pursuit; and yet if we consider the little happiness that attends a great character, and the multitude of disquietudes to which the desire of it subjects an *ambitious* mind, one would be still the more surprised to see so many restless candidates for glory.

*Ambition* raises a secret tumult in the soul, it inflames the mind, and puts it into a violent hurry of thought: It is still reaching after an empty imaginary  
good



good, that has not in it the power to abate or satisfy it. Most other things we long for can allay the cravings of their proper sense, and for a while set the appetite at rest: But *Fame* is a good so wholly foreign to our natures, that we have no faculty in the soul adapted to it, nor any organ in the body to relish it; an object of desire placed out of the possibility of fruition. It may indeed fill the mind for a while with a giddy kind of pleasure, but it is such a pleasure as makes a man restless and uneasy under it; and which does not so much satisfy the present thirst, as it excites fresh desires, and sets the soul on new enterprises. For how few *ambitious* men are there, who have got as much *Fame* as they desired, and whose thirst after it has not been as eager in the very height of their reputation, as it was before they became known and eminent among men? There is not any circumstance in *Cæsar's* character which gives me a greater idea of him, than a saying which *Cicero* tells us he frequently made use of in private conversation, *That he was satisfied with his share of life and Fame. Se satis vel ad naturam, vel ad gloriam vixisse.* Many indeed have given over their pursuits after *Fame*, but that has proceeded either from the disappointments they have met in it, or from their experience of the little pleasure which attends it, or from the better informations or natural coldness of old age; but seldom from a full satisfaction and acquiescence in their present enjoyments of it.

Nor is *Fame* only unsatisfying in itself, but the de-

fire of it lays us open to many accidental troubles which those are free from who have no such a tender regard for it. How often is the *ambitious* man cast down and disappointed, if he receives no praise when he expected it? Nay how often is he mortified with the very praises he receives, if they do not rise so high as he thinks they ought, which they seldom do unless increased by flattery, since few men have so good an opinion of us as we have of ourselves? But if the *ambitious* man can be so much grieved even with praise itself, how will he be able to bear up under scandal and defamation? For the same temper of mind which makes him desire *Fame*, makes him hate reproach. If he can be transported with the extraordinary praises of man, he will be as much dejected by their censures. How little therefore is the happiness of an *ambitious* man, who gives every one a dominion over him, who thus subjects himself to the good or ill speeches of others, and puts it in the power of every malicious tongue to throw him into a fit of melancholy, and destroy his natural rest and repose of mind? Especially when we consider that the world is more apt to censure than applaud, and himself fuller of imperfections than virtues.

We may further observe, that such a man will be more grieved for the loss of *Fame*, than he could have been pleased with the enjoyment of it. For tho' the presence of this imaginary good cannot make us happy, the absence of it may make us miserable: Because in the enjoyment of an object we only find that  
share

share of pleasure which it is capable of giving us, but in the loss of it we do not proportion our grief to the real value it bears, but to the value our fancies and imaginations set upon it.

So inconsiderable is the satisfaction that *Fame* brings along with it, and so great the disquietudes, to which it makes us liable. The desire of it stirs up very uneasy motions in the mind, and is rather inflamed than satisfied by the presence of the thing desired. The enjoyment of it brings but very little pleasure, tho' the loss or want of it be very sensible and afflicting; and even this little happiness is so very precarious, that it wholly depends on the will of others. We are not only tortured by the reproaches which are offered us, but are disappointed by the silence of men when it is unexpected; and humbled even by their praises.

Tuesday,



No. 257. Tuesday, December, 25.



-----'Ουχ' εὐδοκίᾳ Διὸς

'Οφθαλμός· ἰσχυρὸς δ' ἔστι καὶ παρὰ τὸ πρῶτον.

Incert. ex. Stob.

*No slumber seals the eye of Providence  
Present to ev'ry action we commence.*

**T**HAT I might not lose myself upon a subject of so great extent as that of *Fame*, I have treated it in a particular order and method. I have first of all considered the reasons why Providence may have implanted in our mind such a principle of action. I have in the next place shewn from many considerations, first, that *Fame* is a thing difficult to be obtained, and easily lost; secondly, that it brings the *ambitious* man very little happiness, but subjects him to much uneasiness and dissatisfaction. I shall in the last place shew, that it hinders us from obtaining an end which we have abilities to acquire, and which is accompanied with fulness of satisfaction. I need not tell my reader, that I mean by this end that happiness which is reserved for us in another world, which every [one] has abilities to procure, and which will bring along with it *fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore*.

How the pursuit after *Fame* may hinder us in the attainment



attainment of this great end, I shall leave the reader to collect from the three following considerations.

First, Because the strong desire of *Fame* breeds several vicious habits in the mind.

Secondly, Because many of those actions, which are apt to procure *Fame* are not in their nature conducive to this our ultimate happiness.

Thirdly, Because if we should allow the same actions to be the proper instruments, both of acquiring *Fame*, and of procuring this happiness, they would nevertheless fail in the attainment of this last end, if they proceeded from a desire of the first.

These three propositions are self-evident to those who are versed in speculations of morality. For which reason I shall not enlarge upon them, but proceed to a point of the same nature, which may open to us a more uncommon field of speculation.

From what has been already observed, I think we may have a natural conclusion, that it is the greatest folly to seek the praise or approbation of any being, besides the Supreme, and that for these two reasons; because no other being can make a right judgment of us, and esteem us according to our merits; and because we can procure no considerable benefit or advantage from the esteem and approbation of any other being.

In the first place, no other being can make a right judgment of us, and esteem us according to our merits. Created beings see nothing but our outside, and can therefore only frame a judgment of us from

our

our exteriour actions and behaviour; but how unfit these are to give us a right notion of each other's perfections, may appear from several considerations. There are many virtues, which in their own nature are incapable of any outward representation: Many silent perfections in the soul of a good man, which are great ornaments to human nature, but not able to discover themselves to the knowledge of others; they are transacted in private, without noise or show, and are only visible to the great *Searcher of hearts*. What actions can express the entire purity of thought which refines and sanctifies a virtuous man? that secret rest and contentedness of mind, which gives him a perfect enjoyment of his present condition? that inward pleasure and complacency, which he feels in doing good? that delight and satisfaction which he takes in the prosperity and happiness of another? These and the like virtues are the hidden beauties of a soul, the secret graces which cannot be discovered by a mortal eye, but makes the soul lovely and precious in his sight, from whom no secrets are concealed. Again, there are many virtues which want an opportunity of exerting and shewing themselves in actions. Every virtue requires time and place, a proper object and a fit conjuncture of circumstances, for the due exercise of it. A state of poverty obscures all the virtues of liberality and munificence. The patience and fortitude of a martyr or confessor lie concealed in the flourishing times of Christianity. Some virtues are only seen in affliction, and some in prosperity;

prosperity; some in a private, and others in a publick capacity. But the great Sovereign of the world beholds every perfection in its obscurity, and not only sees what we do, but what we would do. He views our behaviour in every concurrence of affairs, and sees us engaged in all the possibilities of action. He discovers the martyr and confessor without the trial of flames and tortures, and will hereafter entitle many to the reward of actions, which they have never the opportunity of performing. Another reason why men cannot form a right judgment of us is, because the same actions may be aimed at different ends, and arise from quite contrary principles. Actions are of so mixt a nature, and so full of circumstances, that as men pry into them more or less, or observe some parts more than others, they take different hints, and put contrary interpretations on them; so that the same actions may represent a man as hypocritical and designing to one, which makes him appear a saint or hero to another. He therefore who looks upon the soul through its outward actions, often sees it through a deceitful medium, which is apt to discolour and pervert the object: So that on this account also, He is the only proper judge of our perfections, who does not guess at the sincerity of our intentions from the goodness of our actions, but weighs the goodness of our actions by the sincerity of our intentions.

But further; it is impossible for outward actions to represent the perfections of the soul, because they can never shew the strength of those principles from whence

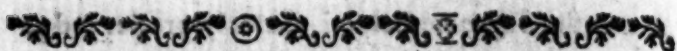
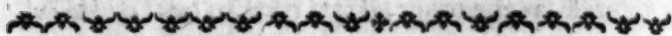
whence they proceed. They are not adequate expressions of our virtues, and can only shew us what habits are in the soul, without discovering the degree and perfection of such habits. They are at best but weak resemblances of our intentions, faint and imperfect copies that may acquaint us with the general design, but can never express the beauty and life of the original. But the great Judge of all the earth knows every different state and degree of human improvement, from those weak stirrings and tendencies of the will which have not yet formed themselves into regular purposes and designs, to the last entire finishing and consummation of a good habit. He beholds the first imperfect rudiments of a virtue in the soul, and keeps a watchful eye over it in all its progress, 'till it has received every grace it is capable of, and appears in its full beauty and perfection. Thus we see that none but the Supreme Being can esteem us according to our proper merits, since all others must judge of us from our outward actions, which can never give them a just estimate of us, since there are many perfections of a man which are not capable of appearing in actions; many which, allowing no natural incapacity of shewing themselves, want an opportunity of doing it; or should they all meet with an opportunity of appearing by actions, yet those actions may be misinterpreted, and applied to wrong principles; or though they plainly discovered the principles from whence they proceeded, they could never shew the degree, strength and perfection of the principles.

And



And as the Supreme Being is the only proper judge of our perfections, so is he the only fit rewarder of them. This is a consideration that comes home to our interest, as the other adapts itself to our *ambition*. And what could the most aspiring, or the most selfish man desire more, were he to form the notion of a Being to whom he would recommend himself, than such a knowledge as can discover the least appearance of perfection in him, and such a goodness as will proportion a reward to it?

Let the *ambitious* man therefore turn all his desire of *Fame* this way; and, that he may propose to himself a *Fame* worthy of his *ambition*, let him consider that if he employs his abilities to the best advantage, the time will come when the Supreme Governor of the world, the great Judge of mankind, who sees every degree of perfection in others, and possesses all possible perfection in Himself, shall proclaim his worth before men and angels, and pronounce to him in the presence of the whole creation that best and most significant of applauses, *Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into thy Master's joy.*

N<sup>o</sup>. 615. Wednesday, November 3.-----*Qui decrum*

*Muneribus sapienter uti,  
 Duramque callet pauperiem pati,  
 Pejusque luto flagitium timet :  
 Non ille pro caris amicis  
 Aut patriâ timidus perire.*

Hor. Od. 9. l. 4. v. 47.

*Who spend their treasure freely as 'twas giv'n  
 By the large bounty of indulgent heav'n;  
 Who in a fix'd unalterable state  
 Smile at the doubtful tide of fate,  
 And scorn alike her friendship and her hate :  
 Who poison less than falsehood fear,  
 Loth to purchase life so dear ;  
 But kindly for their friend embrace cold death,  
 And seal their country's love with their departing  
 breath.*

STEPNEY.

**I**T must be owned that *Fear* is a very powerful passion, since it is esteemed one of the greatest of virtues to subdue it. It being implanted in us for our preservation, it is no wonder that it sticks close to us, as long as we have any thing we are willing to preserve. But as life, and all its enjoyments, would be scarce worth the keeping, if we were under a perpetual

dread

dread of losing them; it is the business of religion and philosophy to free us from all unnecessary anxieties, and direct our *Fear* to its proper object.

If we consider the painfulness of this passion, and the violent effects it produces, we shall see how dangerous it is to give way to it upon slight occasions. Some have frightened themselves into madness, others have given up their lives to these apprehensions. The story of a man who grew grey in the space of one night's anxiety is very famous.

*O! nox, quàm longa es, quæ facis una senem!*

A tedious night indeed, that makes a young man old.

These apprehensions, if they proceed from a consciousness of guilt, are the sad warnings of reason; and may excite our pity, but admit of no remedy. When the hand of the Almighty is visibly lifted against the impious, the heart of mortal man cannot withstand Him. We have this passion sublimely represented in the punishment of the *Egyptians*, tormented with the plague of darkness, in the *Apocryphal* book of *Wisdom* ascribed to *Solomon*.

• For when unrighteous men thought to oppress  
• the holy nation; they being shut up in their houses,  
• the prisoners of darkness, and fettered with the  
• bonds of a long night, lay there exiled from the  
• eternal Providence. For while they supposed to lie  
• hid in their secret sins, they were scattered under a  
• dark veil of forgetfulness, being horribly astonished  
• and

' and troubled with strange apparitions----For wickedness, condemned by her own witness, is very timorous, and being oppressed with conscience, always forecasteth grievous things. For *Fear* is nothing else but a betraying of the succours which reason offereth----For the whole world shined with clear light, and none were hindered in their labour. Over them only was spread a heavy night, an image of that darkness which should afterwards receive them; but yet were they to themselves more grievous than the darkness.

To *Fear*, so justly grounded, no remedy can be proposed; but a man (who hath no great guilt hanging upon his mind, who walks in the plain path of justice and integrity, and yet either by natural complexion, or confirmed prejudice, or neglect of serious reflections, suffers himself to be moved by this abject and unmanly passion) would do well to consider, that there is nothing which deserves his *Fear*, but the beneficent Being who is his friend, his protector, his father. Were this one thought strongly fixed in the mind, what calamity would be dreadful? What load can infamy lay upon us when we are sure of the approbation of Him who will repay the disgrace of a moment with the glory of eternity? What sharpness is there in pain and diseases, when they only hasten us on to pleasures that will never fade? What sting is in death, when we are assured that it is only the beginning of life? A man who lives so, as not to fear to die, is inconsistent with himself, if he delivers himself up to any incidental anxiety.

The



SELECT SPECTATOR. 183

The interpidity of a just good man is so nobly set forth by *Horace*, that it cannot be too often repeated.

*The man resolv'd and steady to his trust,  
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,  
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,  
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;  
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,  
And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,  
And with superior greatness smiles.*

*Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms  
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,  
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move;  
Not the red arm of angry Jove,  
That flings the thunder from the sky,  
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.*

*Should the whole frame of nature round him break,  
In ruin and confusion hur'd,  
He, unconcern'd, would bear the mighty crack,  
And stand secure amidst a falling world.*

The vanity of *Fear* may be yet farther illustrated, if we reflect,

*First*, What we *fear* may not come to pass. No human scheme can be so accurately projected, but some little circumstance intervening may spoil it. He who directs the heart of man at his pleasure, and understands the thoughts long before, may by ten thousand accidents, or an immediate change in the inclinations of men, disconcert the most subtle project, and turn it to the benefit of his own servants.

In

In the next place we should consider, though the evil we imagine should come to pass, it may be much more supportable than it appeared to be. As there is no prosperous state of life without its calamities, so there is no adversity without its benefits. Ask the great and powerful, if they do not feel the pangs of envy and ambition. Enquire of the poor and needy, if they have not tasted the sweets of quiet and contentment. Even under the pains of body, the infidelity of friends, or the misconstructions put upon our laudable actions, our minds (when for some time accustomed to these pressures) are sensible of secret flowings of comfort, the present reward of a pious resignation. The evils of this life appear like rocks and precipices, rugged and barren at a distance, but at our nearer approach, we find little fruitful spots, and refreshing springs, mixed with the harshness and deformities of nature.

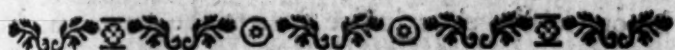
In the last place, we may comfort our selves with this consideration; that, as the thing *feared* may not reach us, so we may not reach what we *fear*. Our lives may not extend to that dreadful point which we have in view. He who knows all our failings, and will not suffer us to be tempted beyond our strength, is often pleased in his tender severity, to separate the soul from its body and miseries together.

If we look forward to Him for help, we shall never be in danger of falling down those precipices which imagination is apt to create. Like those who walk upon a line, if we keep our eye fixed upon one point,

we

# SELECT SPECTATOR. 185

we may step forward secure; whereas an imprudent or cowardly glance on either side will infallibly destroy us.



No. 238. Monday, December 3.



*Nequicquam populo bibulas donaveris aures ;  
Respue quod non es-----*      *Perfius, Sat. 4. v. 40.*

*Please not thyself the flatt'ring crowd to hear ;  
'Tis fulsom stuff, to please thy itching ear.  
Survey thy soul, not what thou dost appear,  
But what thou art.-----*      *DRYDEN.*

**A**MONG all the diseases of the mind, there is not one more epidemical or more pernicious than the love of *Flattery*. For as where the juices of the body are prepared to receive a malignant influence, there the disease rages with most violence; so in this distemper of the mind, where there is ever a propensity and inclination to suck in the poison, it cannot be but that the whole order of reasonable action must be overturned, for, like musick, it

*-----So softens and disarms the mind,  
That not one arrow can resistance find.*

First we *flatter* ourselves, and then the *Flattery* of others is sure of success. It awakens our self-love within, a party which is ever ready to revolt from

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our better judgment, and join the enemy without. Hence it is, that the profusion of favours we so often see poured upon the parasite, are represented to us, by our self-love, as justice done to the man, who so agreeably reconciles us to ourselves. When we are overcome by such soft insinuations and ensnaring compliances, we gladly recompense the artifices that are made use of to blind our reason, and which triumph over the weaknesses of our temper and inclinations.

But were every man persuaded from how mean and low a principle this passion is derived, there can be no doubt but the person who should attempt to gratify it, would then be as contemptible as he is now successful. 'Tis the desire of some quality we are not possessed of, or inclination to be something we are not, which are the causes of our giving ourselves up to that man, who bestows upon us the characters and qualities of others; which perhaps suit us as ill, and were as little designed for our wearing, as their cloaths. Instead of going out of our own complexional nature into that of others, 'twere a better and more laudable industry to improve our own, and instead of a miserable copy become a good original; for there is no temper, no disposition so rude and untractable, but may in its own peculiar cast and turn be brought to some agreeable use in conversation, or in the affairs of life. A person of a rougher deportment, and less tied up to the usual ceremonies of behaviour, will, like *Manly* in the play, please by the

grace



grace which nature gives to every action wherein she is complied with; the brisk and lively will not want their admirers, and even a more reserved and melancholy temper may at some times be agreeable.

When there is not vanity enough awake in a man to undo him, the *Flatterer* stirs up that dormant weakness, and inspires him with merit enough to be a coxcomb. But if *Flattery* be the most sordid act that can be complied with, the art of praising justly is as commendable: For it is laudable to praise well; as poets at one and the same time give immortality, and receive it themselves for a reward: Both are pleated, the one, whilst he receives the recompence of merit, the other whilst he shews he knows how to discern it; but above all, that man is happy in this art, who, like a skilful painter, retains the features and complexion; but still softens the picture into the most agreeable likeness.

There can hardly, I believe, be imagined a more desirable pleasure, than that of praise unmixed with any possibility of *Flattery*. Such was that which *Germanicus* enjoyed, when, the night before a battle, desirous of some sincere mark of the esteem of his legions for him, he is described by *Tacitus* listening in a disguise to the discourse of a soldier, and wrapt up in the fruition of his glory, whilst with an undesign'd sincerity he praised his noble and majestic mien, his valour, conduct, and success in war. How must a man have his heart full-blown with joy in such an article of glory as this? What a spur and encourage-

ment still to proceed in those steps which have already brought him to so pure a taste of the greatest of mortal enjoyments?

It sometimes happens, that even enemies and envious persons bestow the sincerest marks of esteem when they least design it. Such afford greater pleasure, as extorted by merit, and freed from all suspicion of favour or *Flattery*. Thus it is with *Malvolio*; he has wit, learning and discernment, but tempered with an allay of envy, self-love and detraction: *Malvolio* turns pale at the mirth and good-humour of the company, if it center not in his person; he grows jealous and displeased when he ceases to be the only person admired, and looks upon the commendations paid to another as a detraction from his merit, and an attempt to lessen the superiority he affects; but by this very method, he bestows such praise as can never be suspected of *Flattery*. His uneasiness and distastes are so many sure and certain signs of another's title to that glory he desires, and has the mortification to find himself not possessed of.

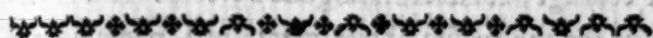
A good name is fitly compared to a precious ointment, and when we are praised with skill and decency, it is indeed the most agreeable perfume, but if too strongly admitted into a brain of a less vigorous and happy texture, it will, like too strong an odour, overcome the senses, and prove pernicious to those nerves it was intended to refresh. A generous mind is of all others the most sensible of praise and dispraise; and a noble spirit is as much invigorated with its due proportion of honour

honour and applause, as it is depressed by neglect and contempt : But it is only persons far above the common level who are thus affected with either of these extremes ; as in a thermometer, it is only the purest and most sublimated spirit that is either contracted or dilated by the benignity or inclemency of the season.

T



No. 293. Thursday, February 5.



Πᾶσι γὰρ ἐν φρονέσι συμμαχεῖ τύχη.

Frag. Vet. Poet.

*The prudent still have Fortune on their side.*

THE famous *Gratian*, in his little book wherein he lays down maxims for a man's advancing himself at court, advises his reader to associate himself with the fortunate, and to shun the company of the unfortunate ; which, notwithstanding the baseness of the precept to an honest mind, may have something useful in it for those who push their interest in the world. It is certain a great part of what we call good or ill *Fortune*, rises out of right or wrong measures and schemes of life. When I hear a man complain of his being unfortunate in all his undertakings, I shrewdly suspect him for a very weak man in his affairs. In conformity with this way of thinking, cardinal *Richlieu* used to say, that unfortunate and imprudent

prudent were but two words for the same thing. As the cardinal himself had a great share both of prudence and good *Fortune*, his famous antagonist, the Count *d'Olivarez*, was disgraced at the court of *Madrid*, because it was alledged against him that he had never any success in his undertakings. This, says an eminent author, was *indirectly* accusing him of imprudence.

*Cicero* recommended *Pempey* to the *Romans* for their general upon three accounts, as he was a man of courage, conduct, and good *Fortune*. It was perhaps for the reason above-mentioned, namely that a series of good *Fortune* supposes a prudent management in the person whom it befalls, that not only *Sylla* the dictator, but several of the *Roman* Emperors, as it is still to be seen upon their medals, among their other titles, gave themselves that of *Felix* or *fortunate*. The heathens, indeed, seem to have valued a man more for his good *Fortune* than for any other quality, which I think is very natural for those who have not a strong belief of another world. For how can I conceive a man crowned with many distinguishing blessings, that has not some extraordinary fund of merit and perfection in him, which lies open to the Supreme eye, tho' it is not perhaps discovered by my observation? What is the reason *Homer's* and *Virgil's* heroes do not form a resolution, or strike a blow, without the conduct and direction of some deity? Doubtless because the poets esteemed it the greatest honour to be favoured by the gods, and  
thought



thought the best way of praising a man was to recount those favours which naturally implied an extraordinary merit in the person on whom they descended.

Those who believe a future state of rewards and punishments act very absurdly, if they form their opinions of a man's merit from his successes. But certainly, if I thought the whole circle of our being was concluded between our births and deaths, I should think a man's good *Fortune* the measure and standard of his real merit, since Providence would have no opportunity of rewarding his virtue and perfections, but in the present life. A virtuous unbeliever, who lies under the pressure of misfortunes, has reason to cry out, as they say *Brutus* did a little before his death, *O virtue, I have worshipped thee as a substantial good, but I find thou art an empty name.*

But to return to our first point : Tho' prudence does undoubtedly in a great measure produce our good or ill *Fortune* in the world, it is certain there are many unforeseen accidents and occurrences, which very often pervert the finest schemes that can be laid by human wisdom. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Nothing less than infinite wisdom can have an absolute command over *Fortune* ; the highest degree of it, which man can possess, is by no means equal to fortuitous events, and to such contingencies as may rise in the prosecution of our affairs. Nay, it very often happens that prudence, which has always in it a great mixture of caution, hinders a man from being so fortunate

fortunate as he might possibly have been without it. A person who only aims at what is likely to succeed, and follows closely the dictates of human prudence, never meets with those great and unforeseen successes, which are often the effect of a sanguine temper, or a more happy rashness; and this perhaps may be the reason, that, according to the common observation, *Fortune*, like other females, delights rather in favouring the young than the old.

Upon the whole, since man is so short-sighted a creature, and the accidents which may happen to him so various, I cannot but be of *Dr. Tillotson's* opinion in another case, that were there any doubt of a Providence, yet it certainly would be very desirable there should be such a Being of infinite wisdom and goodness, on whose direction we might rely in the conduct of human life.

It is a great presumption to ascribe our successes to our own management, and not to esteem ourselves upon any blessing, rather as it is the bounty of heaven, than the acquisition of our own prudence. I am very well pleased with a medal which was struck by *Queen Elizabeth*, a little before the defeat of the invincible armada, to perpetuate the memory of that extraordinary event. It is well known how the *King of Spain*, and others who were the enemies of that great princess, to derogate from her glory, ascribed the ruin of their fleet rather to the violence of storms and tempests, than to the bravery of the *English*. *Queen Elizabeth*, instead of looking upon this as a diminution  
of

of her honour, valued herself upon such a signal favour of Providence; and accordingly, in the reverse of the medal above-mentioned, has represented a fleet beaten by a tempest, and falling foul upon one another, with that religious inscription, *Affavit deus & dissipantur.* *He blew with his wind, and they were scattered.*

It is remarkable of a famous *Grecian* general, whose name I cannot at present recollect, and who had been a particular favourite of *Fortune*, that, upon recounting his victories among his friends, he added at the end of several great actions, *And in this Fortune had no share.* After which it is observed in history, that he never prospered in any thing he undertook.

As arrogance, and a conceitedness of our own abilities, are very shocking and offensive to men of sense and virtue, we may be sure they are highly displeasing to that Being who delights in an humble mind, and by several of his dispensations seems purposely to shew us, that our own schemes or prudence have no share in our advancements.

Since on this subject I have already admitted several quotations which have occurred to my memory upon writing this paper, I will conclude it with a little *Persian* fable. A drop of water fell out of a cloud into the sea, and finding itself lost in such an immensity of fluid matter, broke out into the following reflection: 'Alas! what an insignificant creature am I in this prodigious ocean of waters; my exist-

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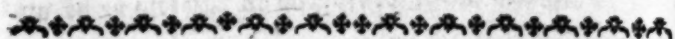
R

tence

tence is of no concern to the universe, I am reduced to a kind of nothing, and am less than the least of the works of God.' It so happened that an oyster, which lay in the neighbourhood of this drop, chanced to gape and swallow it up in the midst of this its humble soliloquy. The drop, says the fable, lay a great while hardning in the shell, 'till by degrees it was ripened into a pearl, which falling into the hands of a diver, after a long series of adventures, is at present that famous pearl which is fixed on the top of the *Persian* diadem. L



No. 68. Friday, May 18.



*Nos duo turba sumus*---- Ovid. Met. l. 1. v. 355.

*We two are a multitude.*

ONE would think that the larger the company is in which we are engaged, the greater variety of thoughts and subjects would be started in discourse; but, instead of this, we find that conversation is never so much straitened and confined as in numerous assemblies. When a multitude meet together upon any subject of discourse, their debates are taken up chiefly with forms and general positions; nay, if we come into a more contracted assembly of men and women, the talk generally runs upon the weather, fashions, news, and the like public topics. In proportion



portion as conversation gets into clubs and knots of *friends*, it descends into particulars, and grows more free and communicative: but the most open, instructive, and unreserved discourse, is that which passes between two persons that are familiar and intimate *friends*. On these occasions, a man gives a loose to every passion and every thought that is uppermost, discovers his most retired opinions of persons and things, tries the beauty and strength of his sentiments, and exposes his whole soul to the examination of his *friend*.

Tully was the first who observed, that *Friendship* improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy and dividing of our grief; a thought in which he hath been followed by all the essayers upon *Friendship*, that have written since his time. Sir Francis Bacon has finely described other advantages, or, as he calls them, fruits of *Friendship*; and indeed there is no subject of morality which has been better handled and more exhausted than this. Among the several fine things which have been spoken of it, I shall beg leave to quote some out of a very ancient author, whose book would be regarded by our modern wits as one of the most shining tracts of morality that is extant, if it appeared under the name of a *Confucius*, or of any celebrated *Grecian* philosopher: I mean the little apocryphal treatise entitled, *The wisdom of the son of Sirach*. How finely has he described the art of making *friends*, by an obliging and affable behaviour? And laid down that precept which

a late excellent author has delivered as his own, 'that we should have many well-wishers, but few friends.' Sweet language will multiply friends; and a fair speaking tongue will increase kind greetings. Be in peace with many, nevertheless have but one counsellor of a thousand. With that prudence does he caution us in the choice of our friends? And with what strokes of nature (I could almost say of humour) has he described the behaviour of a treacherous and self-interested friend? If thou wouldst get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him: For some man is a friend for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble. And there is a friend who being turned to enmity and strife will discover thy reproach. Again, some friend is a companion at the table, and will not continue in the day of thy affliction: But in thy prosperity he will be as thyself, and will be bold over thy servants. If thou be brought low he will be against thee and hide himself from thy face. What can be more strong and pointed, than the following verse? Separate thyself from thine enemies, and take heed of thy friends. In the next words he particularizes one of those fruits of *Friendship* which is described at length by the two famous authors above-mentioned, and falls into a general elogium of *Friendship*, which is very just as well as very sublime. A faithful friend is a strong defence; and he that hath found such an one hath found a treasure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful friend, and his excellency is invaluable. A faithful friend is the medicine of life; and they that fear

*fear the Lord shall find him. Whofo feareth the Lord shall direct his Friendship aright; for as he is, so shall his neighbour (that is his friend) be also. I do not remember to have met with any saying that has pleased me more than that of a friend's being the medicine of life, to express the efficacy of Friendship in healing the pains and anguish which naturally cleave to our existence in this world; and am wonderfully pleased with the turn in the last sentence, that a virtuous man shall as a blessing meet with a friend who is as virtuous as himself. There is another saying in the same author, which would have been very much admired in an heathen writer; for sake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him: A new friend is as new wine; when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure. With what strength of allusion, and force of thought, has he described the breaches and violations of Friendship? Whofo casteth a stone at the birds frayeth them away; and he that upbraideth his friend, breaketh Friendship. T'ho' thou drawest a sword at a friend, yet despair not, for there may be a returning to favour: if thou hast opened thy mouth against thy friend, fear not, for there may be a reconciliation; except for upbraiding, or pride, or disclosing of secrets, or a treacherous wound; for, for these things every friend will depart. We may observe in this and several other precepts in this author, those little familiar instances and illuminations which are so much admired in the moral writings of Horace and Epictetus. There are very beautiful instances of this nature*

nature in the following passages, which are likewise written upon the same subject: *Whoso discovereth secrets, loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind. Love thy friend and be faithful unto him, but if thou bewrayest his secrets, follow no more after him: For as a man hath destroyed his enemy, so hast thou lost the love of thy friend; as one that letteth a bird go out of his hand, so hast thou let thy friend go, and shalt not get him again: Follow after him no more, for he is too far off; he is as a roe escaped out of a snare. As for a wound it may be bound up, and after reviling there may be reconciliation; but he that bewrayeth secrets is without hope.*

Among the several qualifications of a good friend, the wise man has very justly singled out constancy and faithfulness as the principal: To these, others have added virtue, knowledge, discretion equality in age and fortune, and as *Cicero* calls it *morum comitas*, a pleasantness of temper. If I were to give my opinion upon such an exhausted subject, I should join to these other qualifications a certain equability or evenness of behaviour. A man often contracts a *Friendship* with one whom perhaps he does not find out till after a year's conversation; when on a sudden some latent ill humour breaks out upon him, which he never discovered or suspected at his first entering into an intimacy with him. There are several persons who in some certain periods of their lives are inexpressibly agreeable, and in others as odious and detestable. *Marzial* has given us a very pretty picture of one of this species in the following epigram: *Difficilis*



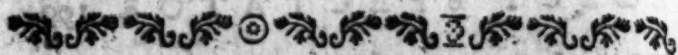
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*Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem,  
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te. Epig. 47. l. 12.*

In all thy humours whether grave or mellow,  
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;  
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,  
There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

It is very unlucky for a man to be entangled in a  
*Friendship* with one, who by these changes and vicis-  
situdes of humour is sometimes amiable and some-  
times odious: And as most men are at some times  
in an admirable frame and disposition of mind, it  
should be one of the greatest tasks of wisdom to keep  
ourselves well when we are so, and never to go out of  
that which is the agreeable part of our character.

Friday,



No. 604. Friday, October 8.



*Tu ne quæsieris (scire nefas) quem mihi, quem tibi,  
Finem dii dederint, Leuconoe; nec Babylonios  
Tentâris numeros-----* Hor. Od. 11. l. 1. v. 1.

*Ab, do not strive too much to know,  
My dear Leuconoe,  
What the kind Gods desire to do  
With me and thee.*

CREECH.

**T**HE desire of knowing *future events*, is one of the strongest inclinations in the mind of man. Indeed an ability of foreseeing probable accidents is what, in the language of men, is called wisdom and prudence: But not satisfied with the light that reason holds out, mankind hath endeavoured to penetrate more compendiously into *Futurity*. Magick, oracles, omens, lucky hours, and the various arts of superstition owe their rise to this powerful cause. As this principle is founded in self-love, every man is sure to be solicitous in the first place about his own fortune, the course of his life, and the time and manner of his death.

If we consider that we are free agents, we shall discover the absurdity of such enquiries. One of our actions, which might have performed or neglected, is the cause of another that succeeds it, and so the whole

whole chain of life is linked together. Pain, poverty, or infamy, are the natural product of vicious and imprudent acts; as the contrary blessings are of good ones; so that we cannot suppose our lot to be determined without impiety. A great enhancement of pleasure arises from its being unexpected; and pain is doubled by being foreseen. Upon all these, and several other accounts, we ought to rest satisfied in this portion bestowed upon us; to adore the hand that hath fitted every thing to our nature, and hath not more displayed his goodness in our knowledge than in our ignorance.

It is not unworthy observation, that superstitious enquiries into *future events* prevail more or less, in proportion to the improvement of liberal arts and useful knowledge in the several parts of the world. Accordingly we find, that magical incantations remain in *Lapland*; in the more remote parts of *Scotland* they have their second sight, and several of our own country men have seen abundance of fairies. In *Asia* this credulity is strong; and the greatest part of refined learning there consists in the knowledge of amulets, talismans, occult numbers, and the like.

When I was at *Grand Cairo*, I fell into the acquaintance of a good-natured mussulman, who promised me many good offices, which he designed to do me when he became the prime minister, which was a fortune bestowed on his imagination by a doctor very deep in the curious sciences. At his repeated solicitations I went to learn my destiny of this wonderful

derful sage. For a small sum I had his promise, but was desired to wait in a dark apartment till he had run thro' the preparatory ceremonies. Having a strong propensity, even then, to dreaming, I took a nap upon the sofa where I was placed, and had the following vision, the particulars whereof I picked up the other day among my papers.

I found myself in an unbounded plain, where methought the whole world, in several habits and with different tongues, was assembled. The multitude guided swiftly along, and I found in myself a strong inclination to mingle in the train. My eyes quickly singled out some of the most splendid figures. Several in rich castans and glittering turbans bustled through the throng, and trampled over the bodies of those they threw down; till to my great surprise I found that the great pace they went only hastened them to a scaffold or a bowstring. Many beautiful damsels on the other side moved forward with great gaiety; some danced till they fell all along; and others painted their faces 'till they lost their noses. A tribe of creatures with busy looks falling into a fit of laughter at the misfortunes of the unhappy ladies, I turned my eyes upon them. They were each of them filling his pockets with gold and jewels, and when there was no room left for more, these wretches looked round with fear and horror, pined away before my face with famine and discontent.

This prospect of human misery struck me dumb for some miles. Then it was that, to disburden my  
mind



mind, I took pen and ink, and did every thing that hath since happened under my office of SPECTATOR. While I was employing myself for the good of mankind, I was surpris'd to meet with very unsuitable returns from my fellow-creatures. Never was poor author so beset with pamphleteers, who sometimes march'd directly against me, but oftener shot at me from strong bulwarks, or rose up suddenly in ambush. They were of all characters and capacities, some with ensigns of dignity, and others in liveries; but what most surpris'd me, was to see two or three in black gowns among my enemies. It was no small trouble to me, sometimes to have a man come up to me with an angry face, and reproach me for having lampooned him, when I had never seen or heard of him in my life. With the ladies it was otherwise: many became my enemies for not being particularly pointed out; as there were others who resent'd the satire which they imagin'd I had directed against them.

The regret which arose in my mind upon the death of my companions, my anxieties for the public, and the many calamities still fleeting before my eyes made me repent my curiosity; when the magician enter'd the room, and awakened me, by telling me (when it was too late) that he was just going to begin.

Friday,



No. 146. Friday, August 17.



*Nemo vir magnus sine aliquo afflatu divino unquam fuit.*

Tull.

*All great men are in some degree inspired.*

WE know the highest pleasures our minds are capable of enjoying with composure, when we read sublime thoughts communicated to us by men of great genius and eloquence. Such is the entertainment we meet with in the philosophick parts of Cicero's writings. Truth and good sense have there so charming a dress, that they could hardly be more agreeably represented with the addition of poetical fiction and the power of numbers. This ancient author, and a modern one, have fallen into my hands within these few days; and the impressions they have left upon me, have at the present quite spoiled me for a merry fellow. The modern is that admirable writer the author of *The theory of the earth*. The subjects with which I have lately been entertained in them both bear a near affinity; they are upon enquiries into *hereafter*, and the thoughts of the latter seem to me to be raised above those of the former in proportion to his advantages of scripture and revelation. If I had a mind to it, I could not at present talk of any thing else; therefore I shall translate a passage in the one, and transcribe a pharagraph out of the other,

for

for the speculation of this day. *Cicero* tells us, that *Plato* reports *Socrates*, upon receiving his sentence, to have spoken to his judges in the following manner.

‘ I have great hopes, oh my judges, that it is infinitely to my advantage that I am sent to death: For it must of necessity be, that one of these two things must be the consequence. Death must take away all these senses, or convey me to another life. If all sense is to be taken away, and death is no more than profound sleep without dreams, in which we are sometimes buried, oh heavens! how desirable is it to die? how many days do we know in life preferable to such a state? But if it be true that death is but a passage to places which they who lived before us do now inhabit, how much still happier is it to go from those who call themselves judges, to appear before those that really are such; before *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus*, *Æacus*, and *Trip- tolemus*, and to meet men who have lived with justice and truth? Is this, do you think, no happy journey? Do you think it nothing to speak with *Orpheus*, *Musæus*, *Homer*, and *Hesiod*? I would, indeed, suffer many deaths to enjoy these things. With what particular delight should I talk to *Palamedes*, *Ajax*, and others, who like me have suffered by the iniquity of their judges. I shall examine the wisdom of that great prince, who carried such mighty forces against *Troy*; and argue with *Ulysses* and *Sisyphus*, upon difficult points, as I have in conversation here, without being in danger of being condemned

demned. But let not those among you who have pronounced me an innocent man be afraid of death. No harm can arrive at a good man whether dead or living; his affairs are always under the direction of the gods; nor will I believe the fate which is allotted to me myself this day to have arrived by chance; nor have I ought to say either against my judges or accusers, but that they thought they did me an injury.-----But I detain you too long, it is time that I retire to death, and you to your affairs of life; which of us has the better is known to the gods but to no mortal man.

The divine *Socrates* is here represented in a figure worthy his great wisdom and philosophy, worthy the greatest mere man that ever breathed. But the modern discourse is written upon a subject no less than the dissolution of nature itself. Oh how glorious is the old age of that great man, who has spent his time in such contemplations as has made this being, what it should be an education for heaven! He has, according to the lights of reason and revelation, which seemed to him clearest, traced the steps of omnipotence: He has, with a celestial ambition, as far as it is consistent with humility and devotion, examined into the ways of providence, from the creation to the dissolution of the visible world. How pleasing must have been the speculation, to observe nature and providence move together, the physical and moral world march the same pace: To observe paradise and eternal spring the seat of innocence, troubled sea-



sons and angry skies the portion of wickedness and vice. When this admirable author has reviewed all that has past, or is to come, which relates to the habitable world, and run through the whole fate of it, how could a guardian angel, that had attended it through all its courses or changes, speak more emphatically at the end of his charge, than does our author when he makes, as it were, a funeral oration over this globe looking to the point where it once stood ?

Let us only, if you please, to take leave of this subject, reflect upon this occasion on the vanity and transient glory of this habitable world. How by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all the vanities of nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men, are reduced to nothing. All that we admired and adored before as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished : and another form and face of things, plain, simple, and every where the same, over spreads the whole earth. Where are now the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities ? Their pillars, trophies and monuments of glory ? Shew me where they stood, read the inscription, tell me the victor's name. What remains, what impressions, what difference, or distinction, do you see in the mass of fire ? *Rome* itself, eternal *Rome*, the great city, the empress of the world, whose domination and superstition, ancient, and modern, make a great part of the history of this earth, what is become of her now ? She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces were strong

and

and sumptuous; *She glorified herself, and lived deli-*  
*ciously, and said in her heart, I sit a queen, and shall*  
*see no sorrow:* But her hour is come, she is wiped  
 away from the face of the earth, and buried in ever-  
 lasting oblivion. But it is not cities only, and works  
 of mens hands, but the everlasting hills, the moun-  
 tains and rocks of the earth are melted as wax be-  
 fore the sun, and *their place is no where found.* Here  
 stood the *Alpes*, the load of the earth, that covered  
 many countries, and reached their arms from the  
 ocean to the *black sea*; the huge mass of stone is  
 softened and dissolved as a tender cloud into rain.  
 Here stood the *African* mountains, and *Atlas* with  
 his top above the clouds; there was frozen *Causa-*  
*sus*, and *Taurus*, and *Imaus*, and the mountains of  
*Asia*; and yonder towards the north, stood the *Ri-*  
*phæan* hills, clothed in ice and snow. All these are  
 vanished, dropt away as the snow upon their heads.  
*Great and marvellous are thy works, just and true*  
*are thy ways, thou king of saints! hallelujah.* T



No. 531. Saturday, November 8.



*Qui mare & terras variisque mundum*

*Temperat horis:*

*Unde nil majus generatur ipso,*

*Nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum.*

Hor. Od. 12. l. i. v. 15.

*Who guides below, and rules above,  
The great disposer, and the mighty King:*

*Than be none greater, next him none,*

*That can be, is, or was;*

*Supreme he singly fills the throne.*

CREECH.

**S**IMONIDES being asked by *Dionysius* the tyrant what *God* was, desired a day's time to consider of it before he made his reply. When the day was expired, he desired two days; and afterwards, instead of returning his answer, demanded still double time to consider of it. This great poet and philosopher, the more he contemplated the nature of the *Deity*, found that he waded but the more out of his depth; and that he lost himself in the thought, instead of finding an end of it.

If we consider the idea which wise men, by the light of reason, have framed of the *Divine Being*, it amounts to this: That He has in Him all the perfection of a spiritual nature; and since we have no notion of

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any

any kind of spiritual perfection but what we discover in our own souls, we join infinitude to each kind of these perfections, and what is a faculty in an human soul becomes an attribute in *God*. *We* exist in place and time, the *Divine Being* fills the immensity of space with his presence, and inhabits eternity. *We* are possessed of a little power and a little knowledge, the *Divine Being* is almighty and omniscient. In short, by adding infinity to any kind of perfection we enjoy, and by joining all these different perfections in one *Being*, we form our idea of the great *Sovereign* of nature.

Though every one who thinks must have made this observation, I shall produce Mr. *Locke's* authority to the same purpose, out of his *Essay on Human Understanding*. ' If we examine the *idea* we have  
 ' of the incomprehensible *Supreme Being*, we shall  
 ' find, that we came by it the same way; and that  
 ' the complex *ideas* we have both of *God* and separate spirits, are made up of the simple *ideas* we receive from *reflection*: v. g. having, from what we  
 ' experiment in ourselves, got the *ideas* of existence  
 ' and duration, of knowledge and power, of pleasure  
 ' and happiness, and of several other qualities and  
 ' powers, which it is better to have than to be without; when we would frame an *idea* the most suitable  
 ' we can to the *Supreme Being*, we enlarge every  
 ' one of these with our *idea* of infinity; and so putting them together, make our complex *idea* of *God*.  
 ' It is not impossible that there may be many kinds  
 ' of



of spiritual perfection, besides those which are lodged in an humble soul ; but it is impossible that we should have ideas of any kinds of perfection, except those of which we have some small rays and short imperfect strokes in ourselves. It would be therefore a very high presumption to determine whether the *Supreme Being* has not many more attributes than those which enter into our conceptions of Him. This is certain, that if there be any kind of spiritual perfection which is not marked out in an human soul, it belongs in its fulness to the *Divine* nature.

Several eminent philosophers have imagined that the soul, in her separate state, may have new faculties springing up in her, which she is not capable of exerting during her present union with the Body ; and whether these faculties may not correspond with other attributes in the *Divine* nature, and open to us hereafter new matter of wonder and adoration, we are altogether ignorant. This, as I have said before, we ought to acquiesce in, that the *Sovereign Being*, the great Author of nature, has in Him all possible perfection, as well in *kind* as in *degree* ; to speak according to our method of conceiving. I shall only add under this head, that when we have raised our notion of this *infinite Being* as high as it is possible for the mind of man to go, it will fall infinitely short of what He really is. *There is no end of his greatness* : The most exalted creature he has made, is only capable of adoring it, none but Himself can comprehend it.

The advice of the son of *Sirach* is very just and sublime in this light. *By his word all things consist. We may speak much, and yet come short: wherefore in sum He is all. How shall we be able to magnify Him? For He is great above all his works. The Lord is terrible and very great; and marvellous in his power. When you glorify the Lord, exalt Him as much as you can: for even yet will He far exceed. And when you exalt Him, put forth all your strength, and be not weary; for you can never go far enough. Who hath seen Him, that he might tell us? And who can magnify Him as He is? There are yet hid greater things than these be, for we have seen but a few of his works.*

I have here only considered the *Supreme Being* by the light of reason and philosophy. If we would see Him in all the wonders of his mercy we must have recourse to revelation, which represents Him to us, not only as infinitely great and glorious, but as infinitely good and just in his dispensations towards man. But as this is a theory which falls under every one's consideration, tho' indeed it can never be sufficiently considered, I shall here only take notice of that habitual worship and veneration which we ought to pay to this *Almighty Being*. We should often refresh our minds with the thought of Him, and annihilate ourselves before Him, in the contemplation of our own worthlessness, and of his transcendent excellency and perfection. This would imprint in our minds such a constant and uninterrupted awe and veneration as that which I am here recommending.

and

and which is in reality a kind of incessant prayer, and reasonable humiliation of the soul before Him who made it.

This would effectually kill in us all the little seeds of pride, vanity and self-conceit, which are apt to shoot up in the minds of such whose thoughts turn more on those comparative advantages which they enjoy over some of their fellow-creatures, than on that infinite distance which is placed between them and the Supreme model of all perfection. It would likewise quicken our desires and endeavours of uniting ourselves to Him by all the acts of religion and virtue.

Such an habitual homage to the *Supreme Being* would, in a particular manner, banish from among us that prevailing impiety of using his name on the most trivial occasions.

I find the following passage in an excellent sermon, preached at the funeral of a gentleman who was an honour to his country, and a more diligent as well as successful enquirer into the works of nature, than any other our nation has ever produced: ‘ He had the  
‘ profoundest veneration for the great *God* of hea-  
‘ ven and earth that I have ever observed in any per-  
‘ son. The very name of *God* was never mentioned  
‘ by him without a pause and a visible stop in his  
‘ discourse; in which, one that knew him most par-  
‘ ticularly above twenty years, has told me, that he  
‘ was so exact, that he does not remember to have  
‘ observed him once to fail in it.’

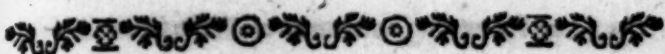
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Every one knows the veneration which was paid by the *Jews* to a name so great, wonderful and holy. They would not let it enter even into their religious discourses. What can we then think of those who make use of so tremendous a name in the ordinary expressions of their anger, mirth, and most impertinent passions? Of those who admit it into the most familiar questions and assertions, ludicrous phrases and works of humour? not to mention those who violate it by solemn perjuries? It would be an affront to reason to endeavour to set forth the horror and profaneness of such a practice. The very mention of it exposes it sufficiently to those in whom the light of nature, not to say religion, is not utterly extinguished.

O

Friday,





No. 565. Friday, July 9.



-----*Deum namque ire per omnes  
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cælumque profundum.*  
Virg. Georg. 4. v. 221.

*For God the whole created mass inspires;  
Thro' heav'n, and earth, and ocean's depths he throws  
His influence round, and kindles as he goes.*

DRYDEN.

I Was yesterday about sun-set walking in the open fields, 'till the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours, which appeared in the western parts of heaven: In proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, 'till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the *Æther* was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The *Galaxy* appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty, which *Milton* takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contemplative natures. *David* himself fell into it in that reflexion, *When I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained; what is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou regardest him!* In the same manner when I considered that host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their respective suns; when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us; in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the immensity of *God's* works.

Were the sun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a *blank* in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could  
take

take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other; as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses, which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. *Huygenius* carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light is not yet travelled down to us, since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my first thought, I could not but look upon myself with secret horror, as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures, which in all probability swarm through all the immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the *Divine* nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others.

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others. This imperfection, which we observe in ourselves, is an imperfection that cleaves, in some degree, to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature, than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the *Divine* nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to Him in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason indeed assures us that his attributes are infinite, but the poorness of our conceptions is such that it cannot forbear setting bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall therefore utterly extinguish this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our *Maker*, in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of those objects among which He seems to be incessantly employed, if we consider, in the first place, that He is omnipresent; and, in the second, that He is omniscient.

If we consider Him in his omnipresence: His Being  
passes



passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of Him. There is nothing He has made, that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which He does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it, as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in Him, were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw Himself from any thing He has created, or from any part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of Him in the language of the old philosophers, He is a Being whose centre is every where, and his circumference no where.

In the second place, He is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience, indeed, necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence; He cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which He thus essentially pervades, and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part which He is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of God, which He has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the *Almighty*: But the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space is that of Sir *Isaac Newton*, who calls it the *sensorium* of the *Godhead*. Brutes and men have

their *sensoriola*, or little *sensoriums*, by which they apprehend the presence and perceive the actions of a few objects, that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as *God Almighty* cannot but perceive and know every thing in which He resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience.

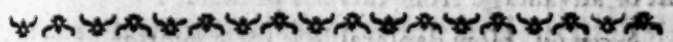
Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation, should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity, it would still find itself within the embrace of its *Creator*, and encompassed round with the immensity of the *Godhead*. While we are in the body He is not less present with us, because He is concealed from us. *O that I knew where I might find Him !* says *Job*. *Behold I go forward, but He is not there ; and backward, but I cannot perceive Him : On the left hand, where He does work, but I cannot behold Him : He hideth Himself on the right hand that I cannot see Him.* In short, reason as well as revelation assure us, that He cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding He is undiscovered by us.

In this consideration of *God Almighty's* omnipresence and omniscience every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by Him. He is privy to all their thoughts and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which

which is apt to trouble them on this occasion: For, as it is impossible He should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that He regards, with an eye of mercy, those who endeavour to recommend themselves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart think themselves unworthy that He should be mindful of them.



No. 571. Friday, July 23.



-----*Cælum quid quærimus ultra?* Luc.

*What seek we beyond heav'n?*

**A**S the work, I have engaged in, will not only consist of papers of humour and learning, but of several essays moral and *Divine*, I shall publish the following one, which is founded on a former SPECTATOR, and sent me by a particular friend, not questioning but it will please such of my readers, as think it no disparagement to their understandings to give way sometimes to a serious thought.

S I R,

**I**N your paper of *Friday* the 9th Instant, you had occasion to consider the ubiquity of the *Godhead*, and at the same time, to shew, that as He is present to every thing, He cannot but be attentive to every thing and privy to all the modes and parts of its existence:

or

or, in other words, that his omniscience and omnipresence are coexistent, and run together through the whole infinitude of space. This consideration might furnish us with many incentives to devotion, and motives to morality; but as this subject has been handled by several excellent writers, I shall consider it in a light wherein I have not seen it placed by others,

*First*, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being who is thus presented with his *Maker*, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence!

*Secondly*, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from this his presence but such as proceed from *Divine* wrath and indignation!

*Thirdly*, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his *Maker's* presence from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

*First*, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus presented with his *Maker*, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this *Almighty Being* which passes through it. The heavens and the earth, the stars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this great principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the presence of their *Creator*, and made capable of exerting their respective qualities. The several instincts, in the brute creation



creation, do likewise operate and work towards the several ends which are agreeable to them, by this *Divine* energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with his holy spirit, and is unattentive to his presence, receives none of those advantages from it, which are perfective of his nature, and necessary to his well-being. The *Divinity* is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the same thing to a man without religion, as if there were no *God* in the world. It is indeed impossible for an infinite *Being* to remove Himself from any of his creatures; but tho' He cannot withdraw his essence from us, which would argue an imperfection in Him, He can withdraw from us all the joys and consolations of it. His presence may perhaps be necessary to support us in our existence; but He may leave this our existence to itself, with regard to its happiness or misery. For, in this sense, He may cast us away from his presence, and take his holy spirit from us. This single consideration one would think sufficient to make us open our hearts to all those infusions of joy and gladness which are so near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; especially when we consider, *Secondly*, the deplorable condition of an intellectual being who feels no other effects from his *Maker's* presence, but such as proceed from *Divine* wrath and indignation!

We may assure ourselves, that the great *Author* of nature will not always be as one, who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Those who will not feel Him

in his love, will be sure at length to feel Him in his displeasure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature who is only sensible of the being of his *Creator* by what he suffers from Him! He is as essentially present in hell as in heaven; but the inhabitants of those accursed places behold Him only in his wrath, and shrink within the flames to conceal themselves from Him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of omnipotence incensed.

But I shall only consider the wretchedness of an intellectual being, who, in his life, lies under the displeasure of Him, that at all times and in all places is intimately united with him. He is able to disquiet the soul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greatest comforts of life from refreshing us, and give an edge to every one of its slightest calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an out-cast from his presence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors? How pathetic is that expostulation of *Job*, when, for the trial of his patience, he was made to look upon himself in this deplorable condition! *Why hast thou set me as a mark against thee, so that I am become a burden to myself?* But *Thirdly*, how happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his *Maker's* presence from the secret effects of his mercy and loving kindness!

The blessed in heaven behold Him face to face, that is, are as sensible of his presence as we are of the presence of any person whom we look upon with our eyes.

eyes. There is doubtless a faculty in spirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our senses do material objects; and there is no question but our souls, when they are disembodied, or placed in glorified bodies, will by this faculty in whatever part of space they reside, be always *sensible* of the divine presence. We, who have this veil of flesh standing between us and the world of spirits, must be contented to know that the spirit of God is present with us, by the effects which he produceth in us. Our outward senses are too gross to apprehend Him; we may however taste and see how gracious He is, by his influence upon our minds, by those virtuous thoughts which He awakens in us, by those secret comforts and refreshments which He conveys into our souls, and by those ravishing joys and inward satisfactions which are perpetually springing up, and diffusing themselves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very essence, and is as a soul within the soul to irradiate its understanding, rectify its will, purify its passions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy therefore is an intellectual being, who, by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own soul! Tho' the whole creation frowns upon him, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and support within him, that are able to cheer his mind, and bear him up in the midst of all those horrors which encompass him. He knows that his help is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing else can be, which is capable

capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midst of calumny or contempt, he attends to that *Being* who whispers better things within his soul, and whom he looks upon as his defender, his glory, and the lifter up of his head. In his deepest solitude and retirement, he knows that he is in company with the greatest of *Beings*; and perceives within himself such real sensations of his presence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the conversation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he considers the pains of his dissolution to be nothing else but the breaking down of that partition, which stands betwixt his soul, and the sight of that *Being*, who is always present with him, and is about to manifest it self to him in fulness of joy.

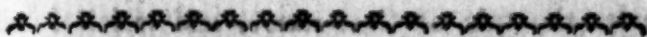
If we would be thus happy, and thus sensible of our *Maker's* presence, from the secret effects of his mercy and goodness, we must keep such a watch over all our thoughts, that, in the language of the scripture, his soul may have pleasure in us. We must take care not to grieve his holy spirit, and endeavour to make the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his sight, that he may delight thus to reside and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct *Seneca* to this doctrine, in a very remarkable passage among his epistles; *Sacer inest in nobis spiritus bonorum malorumque custos, & observator, & quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita & ille nos.* There is a holy spirit residing in us, who watches and observes good and evil men, and will treat us after the same manner



'manner that we treat him.' But I shall conclude this discourse with those more emphatical words in Divine revelation. *If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.*



N<sup>o</sup>. 169. Thursday, September 13.



*Sic vita erat : facilè omnes perferre ac pati :  
Cum quibus erat cunque unà, his sese dedere,  
Eorum obsequi studiis : ad-vorsus nemini ;  
Nunquam præponens se aliis : Ita facillimè  
Sine invidia invenias laudem.----*

Ter. Andr. Aët. 1. Sc. 1.

*His manner of life was this : to bear with every body's humours ; to comply with the inclinations and pursuits of those he conversed with ; to contradict nobody ; never to assume a superiority over others. This is the ready way to gain applause, without exciting envy.*

**M**AN is subject to innumerable pains and sorrows by the very condition of humanity, and yet, as if nature had not sown evils enough in life, we are continually adding grief to grief, and aggravating the common calamity by our cruel treatment of one another. Every man's natural weight of affliction is still made more heavy by the envy, malice, treachery,

or

or injustice of his neighbour. At the same time that the storm beats upon the whole species, we are falling foul upon one another.

Half the misery of human life might be extinguished, would men alleviate the general curse they lie under, by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence, and *humanity*. There is nothing therefore which we ought more to encourage in ourselves and others, than that disposition of mind which in our language goes under the title of *Good-nature*, and which I shall choose for the subject of this day's speculation.

*Good-nature* is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more amiable than beauty. It shews virtue in the fairest light, takes off in some measure from the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and impertinence supportable.

There is no society or conversation to be kept up in the world without *Good-nature*, or something which must bear its appearance, and supply its place. For this reason mankind have been forced to invent a kind of artificial *humanity*, which is what we express by the word good-breeding. For if we examine thoroughly the idea of what we call so, we shall find it to be nothing else but an imitation and mimicry of *Good-nature*, or in other terms, affability, complaisance and easiness of temper reduced into an art.

These exterior shows and appearances of humanity render a man wonderfully popular and beloved when they are founded upon a real *Good-nature*; but with-

out

out it are like hypocrisy in religion, or a bare form of holiness, which, when it is discovered, makes a man more detestable than professed impiety.

*Good-nature* is generally born with us; health, prosperity and kind treatment from the world are great cherishers of it where they find it; but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of itself. It is one of the blessings of a happy constitution, which education may improve but not produce.

*Xenophon* in the life of his imaginary prince, whom he describes as a pattern for real ones, is always celebrating the *philantropy* or *Good-nature* of his hero, which he tells us he brought into the world with him, and gives many remarkable instances of it in his childhood as well as in all the several parts of his life. Nay, on his death-bed he describes him as being pleased, that while his soul returned to Him who made it, his body should incorporate with the great mother of all things, and by that means become beneficial to mankind. For which reason, he gives his sons a positive order not to enshrine it in gold or silver, but to lay it in the earth as soon as the life was gone out of it.

An instance of such an overflowing of *humanity*, such an exuberant love of mankind, could not have entered into the imagination of a writer, who had not a soul filled with great ideas, and a general benevolence of mankind.

In that celebrated passage of *Sallust*, where *Cæsar* and *Cato* are placed in such beautiful, but opposite lights; *Cæsar's* character is chiefly made up of *Good-*  
*nature,*

*nature*, as it shewed itself in all its forms towards his friends or his enemies, his servants or dependants, the guilty or the distressed. As for *Cato's* character, it is rather awful than amiable. Justice seems most agreeable to the nature of God, and mercy to that of man. A Being who has nothing to pardon in himself, may reward every man according to his works; but he whose very best actions must be seen with grains of allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and forgiving. For this reason, among all the monstrous characters in human nature, there is none so odious, nor indeed so exquisitely ridiculous, as that of a rigid severe temper in a worthless man.

This part of *Good-nature*, however, which consists in the pardoning and overlooking of faults, is to be exercised only in doing ourselves justice, and that too in the ordinary commerce and occurrences of life; for in the publick administrations of justice, mercy to one may be cruelty to others.

It is grown almost into a maxim, that *good-natured* men are not always men of the most wit. This observation, in my opinion, has no foundation in nature. The greatest wits I have conversed with are men eminent for their *humanity*. I take therefore this remark to have been occasioned by two reasons. First, because *ill-nature* among ordinary observers passes for wit. A spiteful saying gratifies so many little passions in those who hear it, that it generally meets with a good reception. The laugh rises upon it, and the man who utters it is looked upon as a shrewd satirist.

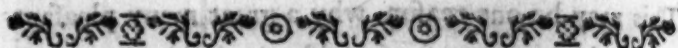
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This may be one reason, why a great many pleasant companions appear so surprisngly dull, when they have endeavoured to be merry in print; the publick being more just than private clubs or assemblies, in distinguishing between what is wit and what is ill-nature.

Another reason why the *good-natured* man may sometimes bring his wit in question, is, perhaps, because he is apt to be moved with compassion for those misfortunes or infirmities, which another would turn into ridicule, and by that means gain the reputation of a wit. The *ill-natured* man, though but of equal parts, gives himself a large field to expatiate in; he exposes those failings in human nature which the other would cast a veil over, laughs at vices which the other either excuses or conceals, gives utterance to reflections which the other stifles, falls indifferently upon friends or enemies, exposes the person who has obliged him, and in short, sticks at nothing that may establish his character of a wit. It is no wonder therefore he succeeds in it better than the man of *humanity*, as a person who makes use of indirect methods is more likely to grow rich than the fair trader.

Saturday,



Nº. 453. Saturday. August 9.



*Non usitatâ nec tenui ferar*

*Pennâ-----*

Hor. Od. 20. l. 2. v. 11

*No weak, no common wing shall bear*

*My rising body through the air.*

CREECH.

**T**HERE is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind than *Gratitude*. It is accompanied with such an inward satisfaction, that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful; but attended with so much pleasure, that were there no positive command which enjoined it, nor any recompence laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge in it, for the natural gratification that accompanies it.

If *Gratitude* is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker? The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of him who is the great Author of good, and father of mercies.

If *Gratitude*, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleasing sensation in the mind of a grateful man; it exalts the soul into rapture,

when

when it is employed on this great object of *Gratitude*; on this beneficent Being who has given us every thing we already possess, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

Most of the works of the pagan poets were either direct hymns to their deities, or tended indirectly to the celebration of their respective attributes and perfections. Those who are acquainted with the works of the *Greek* and *Latin* poets which are still extant, will upon reflection find this observation so true, that I shall not enlarge upon it. One would wonder that more of our Christian poets have not turned their thoughts this way, especially if we consider, that our idea of the Supreme Being is not only infinitely more great and noble than what could possibly enter into the heart of an heathen, but filled with every thing that can raise the imagination, and give an opportunity for the sublimest thoughts and conceptions.

*Plutarch* tells us of a heathen who was singing an hymn to *Diana* in which he celebrated her for her delight in human sacrifices, and other instances of cruelty and revenge; upon which a poet who was present at this piece of devotion, and seems to have had a true idea of the divine nature, told the votary by way of reproof, that in recompense for his hymn, he heartily wished he might have a daughter of the same temper with the goddesses he celebrated. It was indeed impossible to write the praises of one of those false deities, according to the pagan creed, without a mixture of impertinence and absurdity.

The *Jews*, who before the time of Christianity were the only people that had the knowledge of the true God, have set the Christian world an example how they ought to employ this divine talent of which I am speaking. As this nation produced men of great genius, without considering them as inspired writers, they have transmitted to us many hymns and divine odes, which excel those that are delivered down to us by the ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*, in the poetry, as much as in the subject to which it was consecrated. This I think might easily be shewn, if there were occasion for it.

I have already communicated to the public some pieces of divine poetry, and as they have met with a very favourable reception, I shall from time to time publish any work of the same nature which has not yet appeared in print, and may be acceptable to my readers.

## I.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys;  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise:

## II.

O how shall words with equal warmth  
The Gratitude declare,  
That glows within my wish'd heart?  
But thou canst read it there.

## III.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
And all my wants redrest,

When



*When in the silent womb I lay,  
And hung upon the breast.*

IV.

*To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
To form themselves in pray'r.*

V.

*Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
Thy tender care bestow'd,  
Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
From whom those comforts flow'd.*

VI.

*When in the slipp'ry paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.*

VII.

*Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,  
It gently clear'd my way,  
And through the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be fear'd than they.*

VIII.

*When worn with sickness, oft hast thou  
With health renew'd my face,  
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,  
Reviv'd my soul with grace.*

IX.

*Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss  
Has made my cup run o'er,*

*And in a kind and faithful friend  
Has doubled all my store.*

## X.

*Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ,  
Nor is the least a chearful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.*

## XI.

*Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death in distant worlds  
The glorious theme renew.*

## XII.

*When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide thy works no more,  
My ever-greatful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore.*

## XIII.

*Through all eternity to thee  
A joyful song I'll raise,  
For oh! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.*

C



No. 610. Friday, October 22.



*Sic, cum transférint mei  
Nullo cum strepitu dies,  
Plebeius moriar senex.  
Illi mors gravis incubat,  
Qui, notus nimis omnibus,  
Ignotus moritur sibi.* Seneca.

*Thus, when my fleeting days, at last,  
Unheeded, silently are past,  
Calmly I shall resign my breath,  
In life unknown, forgot in death;  
While he, o'ertaken unprepar'd,  
Finds death an evil to be fear'd,  
Who dies, to others too much known,  
A stranger to himself alone.*

**I** Have often wondered that the *Jews* should contrive such a worthless *Greatness* for the Deliverer whom they expected, as to dress Him up in external pomp and pageantry, and present Him to their imaginations, as making havock amongst his creatures, and acted with the poor ambition of a *Cæsar* or an *Alexander*. How much more illustrious doth He appear in his real character, when considered as the author of universal benevolence among men, as refining our passions, exalting our nature, giving us vast ideas of  
immortality,

immortality, and teaching us a contempt of that little showy grandeur, wherein the *Jews* made the glory of their *Messiah* to consist!

*Nothing* (says *Longinus*) *can be great, the contempt of which is great.* The possession of wealth and riches cannot give a man a title to *Greatness*, because it is looked upon as a *Greatness* of mind, to contemn these gifts of fortune, and to be above the desire of them. I have therefore been inclined to think, that there are *greater men who lie concealed* among the species, than those who come out, and draw upon themselves the eyes and admiration of mankind. *Virgil* would never have been heard of, had not his domestic misfortunes driven him out of his obscurity, and brought him to *Rome*.

If we suppose that there are spirits or angels, who look into the ways of men, as it is highly probable there are, both from reason and revelation; how different are the notions which they entertain of us, from those which we are apt to form of one another? Were they to give us in their catalogue of such worthies as are now living, how different would it be from that, which any of our own species would draw up?

We are dazzled with the splendor of titles, the ostentation of learning, the noise of victories: They, on the contrary, see the philosopher in the cottage, who possesses his soul in patience and thankfulness, under the pressures of what little minds call poverty and distress. They do not look for *great men*, at the armies, or among the pomps of a court, but often  
find



find them out in shades and solitudes, in the private walks and by-paths of life. The evening's walk of a wise man is more illustrious in their sight, than the march of a general at the head of a hundred thousand men. A contemplation of God's works ; a voluntary act of justice to our own detriment ; a generous concern for the good of mankind ; tears that are shed in silence for the misery of others ; a private desire or resentment broken and subdued ; in short an unfeigned exercise of humility, or any other virtue, are such actions as are glorious in their sight, and denominate men *great* and reputable. The most famous among us are often looked upon with pity, with contempt, or indignation ; while those who are most obscure among their own species, are regarded with love, with approbation, and esteem.

The moral of the present speculation amounts to this, that we should not be led away by the censures and applauses of men, but consider the figure that every person will make, at that time when *wisdom shall be justified of her children*, and nothing pass for *great* or illustrious, which is not an ornament and perfection to human nature.

The story of *Gyges*, the rich *Lydian* monarch, is a memorable instance to our present purpose. The oracle being asked by *Gyges*, who was the happiest man, replied *Aglaüs*. *Gyges*, who expected to have heard himself named on this occasion, was much surprised, and very curious to know who this *Aglaüs* should be. After much enquiry he was found to be an obscure country-man,

country-man, who employed all his time in cultivating a garden, and a few acres of land about his house.

Cowley's agreeable relation of this story shall close this day's speculation.

Thus Aglaüs (a man unknown to men;  
But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)  
Thus liv'd obscurely then without a name,  
Aglaüs, now consign'd t' eternal fame.  
For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,  
Presum'd at wise Apollo's Delphic seat,  
Presum'd to ask, *O thou, the whole world's eye,*  
*See'st thou a man that happier is than I?*  
The god, who scorn'd to flatter man, reply'd,  
Aglaüs happier is. But Gyges cry'd;  
In a proud rage, who can that Aglaüs be?  
We've heard as yet of no such king as he.  
And true it was, through all the earth around,  
No king of such a name was to be found.  
Is some old hero of that name alive,  
Who his high race does from the gods derive?  
Is it some mighty gen'ral, that has done  
Wonders in fight, and god-like honours won?  
Is it some man of endless wealth? said he:  
None, none of these; who can this Aglaüs be?  
After long search, and vain enquiries past,  
In an obscure Arcadian vale at last,  
(Th' Arcadian life has always shady been)  
Near Sopho's town, which he but once had seen,

*This Aglaüs, who monarchs envy drew,  
Whose happiness the gods stood witness to,  
This mighty Aglaüs was lab'ring found,  
With his own hands, in his own little ground.*

*So, gracious God, (if it may lawful be,  
Among these foolish gods to mention Thee)  
So let me act, on such a private stage,  
The last dull scenes of my declining age;  
After long toils and voyages in vain,  
This quiet port let my toss'd vessel gain;  
Of heav'nly rest this earnest to me lend,  
Let my life sleep, and learn to love her end.*

END OF VOL I.

This Agate, who naturally was fierce,  
 Who, having the good luck to find  
 This Agate, was for this found  
 With his own hands, in his own little ground.

Amongst the good, (if it may be said)  
 Amongst the good, (if it may be said)

So let me not, on this point, say

The last shall be first, and the first shall be last;

After long time and long delay

But first let me say, for my part, I will say

Of this, and of that, and of this, and of that

Let me first say, for my part, I will say

THE END OF VOL. I.